

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Spasmodic Virtue.

It is not peculiar to the American, any more than to any other community, to have fits of virtue. Abuses may go on, and do go on, for years, unresisted and unrebuked—the public conscience apathetic, the laws unvindicated, and the world given over to hopeless acqui-

escence—when suddenly some abuse or outrage, perhaps no whit more flagrant than thousands that have passed unnoticed and unpunished, will rouse the public almost to a state of rage. With wild clamor the people will cry for exemplary censure and punishment on the offender. He must be pillorized in the newspapers; ostracized socially; and,

if the case will possibly admit of it, be sent to the Penitentiary or the gallows.

But the fire burns out soon from its own fierceness. Indignant Virtue soon smooths its frown into placid acquiescence and toleration. A victim has been had, often not the right one, seldom if ever the worst offender, and the public conscience tucks itself away

for another long, deep slumber. Or it reacts from its own excess of zeal, and endures quietly things worse than before.

We find a parson occasionally hounded down to the depths of disgrace for liberties with the ewes of his flock, which his predecessors had taken with impunity, and which his successors will take with equal immunity—if not indeed



FATHER HYACINTHE (CHARLES LOTTON).—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRADY.—SEE PAGE 123.

with greater assurance, when the tide of popular feeling recedes from its flood.

Forgery, for a time, becomes a practice among fast young men of high financial parentage in Wall street, and it was hushed up or winked at, until suddenly the torpid morality of the community was aroused, and one unhappy youth sent to the State Prison. His associates then knew that the maw of Retribution was appeased for the time, and became all the more confident and secure in their nefarious practices.

A blackguard is robbed in a den of blackguards and villains; the long-closed eyes of Justice all at once start open, and her sword falls swiftly and terribly. One villain goes to the State Prison, bearing the full penalty of the law. His equally guilty, if not even more criminal accomplice, keeps out of the way a little while, until the goddess naps again, walks unabashed into the trial chamber, and then out of it a free man, and the recipient of a certain amount of popular sympathy.

So, too, of recent operations in Wall street. Mercantile and business circles shiver, and moralize over transactions which differ in no degree from those they are, and always have been, and always expect to be engaged in, as though they were not of everyday occurrence, only in this case on a grander scale. Eyes are everywhere elevated with more than Pecksniffian horror, as though "gold gambling" had not been the grand diversion and rule of Wall street and its vicinity for the past ten years. Newspapers, whose publishers, editors and reporters have been in the game up to their shoulders, lending their financial and editorial columns to this or the other scheme, this or the other clique or "ring," so that thrift might follow, now print homilies on its immorality! And even the great stock and gold gamblers, who originated the first "corners," and organized the first "rings," whereby stocks and gold were made the sport of reckless men, are now appalled because mightier than they have come into the arena of their operations; because pupile have become more apt than their masters; because their serpents have been swallowed up by that of the Yankee Moses. Because a young man who, a few years ago, entered his few thousands against their millions, has beaten them at their own game.

Whatever may be said of the leader in the late gigantic gold operation, and however much or justly his recent transactions may be criticised, there is one thing that must be said of him to his credit, and in deserved public acknowledgment. It is this: That however he has obtained his money—and we do not see that he has obtained it by any more consurable means than a dozen other "millionaires" in this city—he has certainly spent it "like a gentleman," with a clear desire to promote the ease and comfort, please the taste, and serve the interests of the public. If he has placed steamers on our waters, he has, in notable contrast with some other "commodores," made them neat, orderly, and comfortable. His officers are kept at least in the garb of gentlemen, and in a uniform that distinguishes and makes them responsible. They are neither clownish nor brutal. His servants are neat, and civil, and the just complaints of passengers are promptly attended to. We do not refer now to such other ameliorations of a monotonous trip as the introduction of music, but to real and important improvements.

Compare the steamers to which we refer with those floating receptacles of horror and nastiness, captained by clowns dressed like draymen, manned by bloated and bleary-eyed loafers swept aboard drunken from the docks, in which passengers were crammed without the slightest regard to decency and comfort, and fed on garbage unfit for swine, by servants nauseous with filth and sickening with villainous odors, which were at one time run by a "millionaire," between this city and the Isthmus.

Compare, in all respects in which the public is interested, the two rival railways of New York, controlled by rival magnates in Wall street.

Money once obtained, the character of its possessor may pretty well be inferred from the way in which he spends it. If in theatres, the man of taste and education becomes a public benefactor, at least to this extent—he makes them elegant and pleasing to the eye, as well as comfortable. Confined a great part of the time to his office, he will make that also decent and comfortable, instead of having it a dingy and dirty den, repellent to persons of ordinary cleanliness. He will be liberal in his charities, perhaps even to ostentation and for ostentation; but is not that better than being neither liberal or charitable? He will not be utterly selfish. If he builds a house, it will not be a shabby building in a side street, but an ornament to the city. If he drives out, it will be in emulation of the taste and elegance of the elegant and the tasteful, and not in rivalry with jockeys and stable-boys. In short, he will do something with some regard, if not for the men whom he has worsted in Wall street, at least for the public outside of that *solfatara*; he will exhibit some human

sympathies, and have, if not a strong, at least some slight hold on public esteem, or at least on public gratitude. Can that be said of any one of the dozen "millionaires," whose fortunes have been made under the shadow of Trinity steeple, and whose names will recur to every one of our readers, without our putting ourselves to the trouble of an enumeration?

To point the moral of our remarks, we have only to say that if Virtue requires a victim to its wrath, in this matter of stock and gold speculation, we do not see why he should not be selected from among the hoary old sinners who give us nothing, and from whom we have nothing to expect—who rob the public without returning to it a penny.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

COMMITTEES of fairs, exhibitions, dedications, and everything of a similar nature, will confer a favor by notifying the publisher of this Paper at as early a date as possible, so that arrangements may be made for illustration.

THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

A New and Brilliant Domestic Story.

IN NO. 737 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, will be commenced a charming romance under the above title, replete with incident and rapid in action, from the pen of that widely-known author.

Mary Grace Halpine,

whose tales of fiction and of real life, simply told, are welcome guests in every household library, because of their elevating influence and the vivid pictures they present of the world within as well as of the world without—of the passions which rule the human heart, leading it to happiness or misery as the potent but unseen influences, the good and bad angels of life, direct.

Miss Halpine is particularly happy in her characters. They are all of them, however dissimilar in thought and action, human beings. Their good and bad traits, their walks and talks, their loves and their hatreds, their hopes and their disappointments, are the hopes, disappointments, hatreds, loves, talks and walks of the men and women we meet, converse, deal, and, in fine, live with at home and abroad.

In a word, Miss Halpine is natural; and never was she more so than in her present brilliant romance—so entirely, so purely domestic—to which she has given the title of

THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

The story itself is founded on circumstances which for three generations operated malignity on the members of a wealthy New England family, who are introduced to the reader under the name of Fielding. An unfortunate second marriage, contracted by the grandfather of the hero, ultimately led to the expulsion of his ancestor from the homestead. The exile, John Fielding, angry at his father's injustice, emigrates to the State of New York, where he contracts an alliance, and has a son, Mark, born to him. He then, with his wife and child, removes to the West, where, in a few years, first the father, and then the mother of the hero, die. In time, and by ordinary means, this boy is introduced to the reader as an overgrown, loosely-jointed youth, not at all handsome, very awkward, and very ignorant of the conventionalities. This young man, while yet a minor, and during the absence of his guardian, an excellent man of the name of Trapper, a counselor-at-law, is inveigled into a marriage with a pretty woman, ten years his senior, one Amanda Burt. She is a showy but depraved girl. Her mother, Mrs. Burt, a woman of strong but uncultivated mind, was housekeeper, and it is hinted, something nearer even, to the young hero's grandfather. On this marriage the interest of the story turns. It colors the future of the life of Mark Fielding.

But it is not fair, either for the interests of the author or the pleasure of the reader, that we should divulge further of the plot. We will leave it just here, only remarking that we know of no romance of the present day who can throw more interest around, or develop a character, male or female, better or more naturally than Mary Grace Halpine, who, under her real name and pseudonyms innumerable, has written much that is instructive and fruitful for good to thousands of readers of both sexes, and of all ages, wherever the English language is spoken.

But the best recommendation we can offer of her great ability is the magnificent, and yet simply-told serial.

THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

We offer it as a real treat to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We cannot speak too highly of it. We, therefore, unhesitatingly pronounce it charming, from the opening to the closing chapter.

The History of the Times, from Southern as well as Northern Standpoints.

Now, while circumstances are fresh in the minds of multitudes—now is the time for industriously collecting facts connected with the War of the Rebellion—the great struggle involving our National Unity. Differing as parties may concerning the causes of the outbreak, and about some details of the eventful strife, all right-minded people will, of course, encour-

age the efforts of those who are faithfully laboring to place the record in proper shape for the guidance of historians, and for the instruction of future generations, as well as of millions yet on the stage of action. The South and the North, the West and the East, are interested in having the work done in such a spirit of accuracy as will truly show the merits and demerits of all parties and subjects involved in the terrible contest.

The truth of History—and without entire truth, what is History?—is best exhibited by promoting the fullest inquiry and discussion. Our laws are now being modified so as to allow even criminals, or those suspected of crime, to give testimony in their own cases, in the belief that justice may be promoted by permitting the accused to narrate circumstances which may enable the Courts better to appreciate matters that could not otherwise be so well understood—the jury being left to determine what degree of credence should be attached to their explanations. Similar policy should be recognized in historical research. The actors in public controversies should be closely questioned on matters concerning which they best know the motives that guided their course, for motives, as well as overt acts, should be fully known, so that people may correctly characterize events. When all parties are invited to place their statements on record, there can be less danger of or excuse for erroneous conclusions on the part of historians who analyze the statements for final judgment before the great tribunal of Public Opinion.

With these views, we cordially welcome all efforts made by different parties, in various localities, to collect and preserve the facts, especially now, while the memories of millions are yet fresh with details of the most extraordinary rebellion which the world has ever witnessed—remarkable not only on account of the vast armies and the improved war-material employed, but also on account of the political causes that engendered and prolonged the tremendous conflict.

We are particularly gratified with the formation of the "Southern Historical Society," which aims to collect all available data concerning the eventful times through which we have lately passed, and are yet passing—for the great contest cannot fairly be said to have closed till every rebellious State resumes its former position in the National Union. The spirit indicated by some of its members in their published letters, however, is not always in the vein most consonant with calm historic research; but allowance must be made for those who, in such times and on such subjects, permit their bitterness to becloud their judgment. Ill-temper and invective hurt only those who indulge in them, in the Great Court of Historical Inquiry as in the ordinary tribunals of Justice.

Although General Robert E. Lee wrote a letter on the 5th of August, commending "the examples of those nations who endeavored to commit to oblivion the feelings engendered by civil strife"—this was in reply to a request for his presence and aid in marking the prominent points on the Gettysburg battle-field—he had previously written as follows, when accepting the Vice-Presidency of the "Southern Historical Society," on the 5th of June. "It is highly important to collect and record reliable historical information, especially in periods of rapid change, such as the present," said General Lee; "and I will cheerfully render the Society any service that may aid this object in Virginia."

It is proven by his writings, then—and we rejoice to see it—that General Lee does not consider the preservation of "reliable historical information" inconsistent with a desire to mollify the asperities lingering after civil war. Brave and generous minds, victor and vanquished, may indeed cordially co-operate in preserving the history of their battles, while obliterating the bitter feelings prevalent in former warfare.

It may be said of History, quite as truly as of the politician who first used the expression, that it "knows no North or South, no East or West." In expressing particular satisfaction at the formation of the "Southern Historical Society," we are, of course, influenced only by a desire to see a fair statement of all the prominent points which our Southern fellow-citizens consider important, in making up the general record of the causes and events of the war waged against the National existence, as those causes and results are viewed from their standpoint—that nothing material for their defense shall be omitted in the annals that will show, through all time, how far they are justified, even in their own opinion, concerning the extraordinary events of the present age. An impartial World, in the future as well as the present, will determine how far their own testimony justifies their acts, or reverses the judgment pronounced in the battle-fields to which they unhappily and unsuccessfully appealed.

Documentary and other illustrations of the general features of the war, as far as attainable, have been collected and published Northward, with a degree of impartiality which challenges criticism. The prevalent wish

among the Northern people is for the fullest attainable information concerning all Southern transactions during the contest—in council as well as in the field—in social affairs, as well as in political and military operations. It is the general wish hereabouts that ample justice shall be done toward our Southern fellow-citizens in all cases where imperfect knowledge may have hitherto prevented that entire justice which all true-hearted Unionists rejoice in rendering to those who were lately arrayed in battle against them. Every book from the South, explanatory of the views and actions of the Confederates, meets with prompt attention and liberal sale in the Northern States; and all statements of importance in Southern journals on the same topics are freely copied and widely circulated by Northern prints of all parties. In short, the "Southern Historical Society" may rest assured that, in collecting such "reliable historical information" as General Lee refers to, on points not already fully understood, it will render a service to the cause of truth which will nowhere be more sincerely appreciated than among the multitudes who labored most effectually in suppressing the rebellion and preserving our nationality. It should chafe that Society in its labors to know that any facts it may collect will be widely disseminated gratis, by Northern as well as Southern journals—the newspapers thus rendering most efficient service without incurring the expense of printing volumes of "Transactions" that would be comparatively little read. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is what the people want, whether the facts come from the South or any other section.

"Cubans, to the Front!"

THE *Tribune* cries, "Cubans, to the Front!" A good cry. It complains that there are far too many of them, capable of bearing arms, promenading the streets of our city, and frequenting the places of amusement. True! And then the *Tribune* regrets that it "cannot learn that any systematic effort has yet been made toward organizing a native (Cuban) force to return and take part in the work that is going on at home."

Well, why are there so many Cubans here, and why do they not return? Because, even though the *Tribune* does not know it, the Government, thanks to Spanish agents, does, that numerous organizations of native as well as auxiliary forces have been made, and are making, to return or go to Cuba. And its editor cannot read his own columns if he does not know why it is they do not reach their struggling friends and brethren. It is because the Government of the United States, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, steadily interferes to prevent their departure. It stretches its powers to thwart and paralyze the Cubans and their sympathizers. Had France acted toward us, in our hour of peril, as our Government now acts toward Cuba, neither Lafayette nor Steuben would have been able to throw their swords in the scale in our struggle against British oppression. Had England acted as we are now acting, neither Cochran nor Miller would have contributed, as they did so powerfully, to the cause of South American independence.

We presume even the *Tribune* would not advise any Cuban patriot to sail hence to Havana, in the regular passenger steamer, unless tired of a life that he could much less expensively get rid of here, at the cost of twenty grains of powder and half an ounce of lead. And how otherwise is he to get there, with all the spies of Spain, seconded by all the authorities of the United States, watching his every movement, and ready to seize and imprison him if he adopts the only means possible "to return and take part in the work that is going on at home"?

The *Tribune* is not just to the Cubans in New York.

Opening of the Suez Canal.

THE EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has received the following invitation, on behalf of the Pasha of Egypt, to be present at the approaching inauguration of the great Suez Canal, November 17. The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be represented by Mr. SCOTT LEON LESLIE, who will personally see that this great event is properly illustrated for the instruction of this and succeeding generations:

PARIS, September 25, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

SIR—The Suez Canal is to be opened on November 17. This undertaking, executed in the midst of so many material difficulties, is of a nature calculated to interest all enlightened minds. Under these auspices His Highness the Khedive would be happy to have you assist at the inauguration of the canal, and has charged me to invite you on his behalf. Accept, sir, the expression of my most distinguished consideration.

By order, J. NABARAOUD.

THE ROUTE.

The persons invited, whom it may suit to limit their trip to the Maritime Canal of Suez, must leave Paris on November 7, at the latest; those who desire to visit Upper Egypt are solicited to make the same known by September 1, as they must leave Paris by October 7, embark at Marseilles on the 8th, and be at Cairo on October 16. The departure for Upper Egypt,

as far as the First Cataract, will take place during the second fortnight in October, and the return to Cairo will be calculated so that they can be present at the inauguration. The persons invited will not be required to secure railroad passes, as they will be delivered to them in Paris. Cabins will be retained for their use on board of the steam packets of the Messageries Impériales, or on board of the Peninsular Company, at their convenience, and also for their stay in Egypt. The return journey can be effected direct from Alexandria to Marseilles, or from Alexandria to Brindisi, and then by the Italian and French railroads. The invited guests will be furnished with all the complimentary information they may require by Mr. Nabarouy Bey, delegate of his Highness the Khedive, No. 9 Rue Roy, Paris.

AN advertisement appeared recently in a Western paper calling for a man skilled in the adulteration of liquors. Probably the advertiser found what he wanted, as the notice appeared but a single time. The adulteration of liquors has become, of late years, one of the exact sciences, and it is a difficult question to determine what we drink, unless we are teetotalers, and adhere strictly to the principle of abstaining from all beverages that cheer and inebriate. A recent analysis of the stuff sold in the drinking-shops of New York showed that very little of the whisky, gin, brandy, and all things of that class, was pure; in some cases it turned out that not a drop of the proper ingredients of those liquors could be found in the samples obtained at the bars. There is an old story that a Southern gentleman used to keep an able-bodied negro to sample his liquors before venturing himself to swallow them. If the negro did not appear to suffer, the Southern thought it was safe to indulge, and in this way it is said that he saved himself from a loss of stomachic power. Times have changed since the date of the story. It might now be difficult to employ Sambo for testing liquors, but possibly the coming Chinaman could be induced to serve us for a reasonable consideration.

It has been several years since the world was blessed with the report of the discovery of new and extensive gold-fields, where emigration could go and find fortunes ready and waiting. But now comes the report of wonderful discoveries of diamonds in South Africa and Australia, and that companies are being formed to search them. The fields where the diamonds exist are said to be very extensive, and some of the precious stones are very large, and of the purest water. Possibly something surpassing the Koh-i-noor or the Pitt diamond may be brought to light, and then there will be a struggle among the crowned heads of Europe for its possession. What if diamonds should become so common that everybody could have them? Aristocracy, both real and shoddy, would be forced to find some other portable and visible patent of nobility. With gold and diamonds abundant and cheap, there will be nothing left for us but a new and very expensive style of dress for both sexes.

The old custom of sailing around the world through all the zones promises to become a thing of the past. From Europe to the East Indies, it has been necessary to sail from the North Temperate Zone, through the Torrid to the South Temperate, and then to turn northward past the Equator again. From New York to San Francisco, by the Cape Horn route, the voyager passes twice through the Torrid Zone, and very often suffers the sensation of being parboiled. The opening of the Suez Canal is expected to change the course of European commerce, and send it through the Red and Mediterranean Seas. The canal across the Isthmus of Darien, if it is ever completed, will have a corresponding effect upon American commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. South America and Southern Africa will lose their importance, and the feat of doubling the great Cape will be so rare as to become almost a noteworthy event.

SINCE the great panic in gold on the 24th of September, there has been a very lively contest over the question of responsibility. Gentlemen of unimpeachable veracity, and who ought to be entirely trustworthy, tell stories wholly at variance with each other, and the different affidavits that have been made are as much unlike as a cat and a sea-turtle. Nobody knows who is lying, and several gentlemen have come to the conclusion that none of the parties interested have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The moral derived from all this is, that a gold pool is not a very desirable one for lavatory purposes, and that any man who is respectable, and wishes to continue so, would do well to keep out of it.

MR. MOZIER, one of the American sculptors in Rome, has recently executed a statue to represent his idea of how sculpture can illustrate Milton's lines in "L'Allegro":

"Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

THE *Saturday Review*, commenting on Mr. Dickens's late speech at Birmingham, in which he said, "My faith in the people governing is, on the whole, infinitesimal—my faith in the people governed is, on the whole, illimitable!"

makes the following terse observation: "If the aristocracy get matters arranged for their own selfish ends, it is because the middle classes have such a worship for wealth and rank, that they will not interfere; and if Parliament is utterly untrustworthy, it is because the same social stratum is unfit to be trusted with power."

FRANG'S CHROMOGRAPHS.

THE reproduction of painting in color at a far less cost than line-engraving, has, until the last ten years, been a comparatively unknown art. Few artists, for the successful chromographer must himself have no mean share of ability, devoted themselves to the development of the boundless range of illustration within its grasp. In fact, the means of accomplishing a colored transcript from the stone was, from its first invention, for many years, but scantily known or appreciated, even by those who were the most eagerly engaged in the practice of mere lithography.

Within the last four or five years, however, chromography has assumed in the United States a position, with regard to the masses, which makes it a positive and artistic power in their education and their gratification. The working men of American Art have labored assiduously in its improvement. Recently this has been so marked and evident, that at the present time the American Chromo may most certainly challenge comparison with European reproduction of the same class. Nay! in most instances it can assert an undoubted superiority. The most prominent chromographer in this country is Mr. Prang, of Boston, a thoroughly practical man, and one whose success has been won step by step. At the beginning of the late war, Louis Prang was but a lithographer, with small means, and in a very small establishment in Boston. His first Chromos were groups of wild-flowers, printed upon cards fitted for ladies' albums. His published list of works for sale, last April, contained the names of forty-two Chromos and twenty-eight half-Chromos, most of them produced within the last five years. Nor has this immense amount of work been carelessly wrought or injudiciously selected. Indeed, as a proof of the last, we may mention that Mr. Prang has amongst his best reproductions the paintings of such men as Eastman Johnson, Tait, Bougereau, Bierstadt, Brown, Bricher, Landseer, Herring, Ansdell, and of such a woman as Rosa Bonheur—the greatest female artist the world has yet given birth to. It would, of course, be impossible within the brief space at our command, in the present article, to do anything like justice to the excellence and variety of all these works. We may, however, allude to a few of the best as marking the superiority which we have claimed for the American Chromo over the European. As figure Chromos, the two from Eastman Johnson, of the "Barefoot Boy" and "The Boyhood of Lincoln," may stand well-nigh alone. Indeed, the first is a positive gem of pictorial reproduction, while the last is perhaps the most faithful transcript of a painting which we have ever seen rendered in chromography. But, judging by the general results of this art, we might not unreasonably suppose that landscape was translated with far more difficulty into color, than the figure. The delicacy of its variations in tone is, probably, one powerful reason for this. Yet we might certainly point to Bierstadt's "Sunset in California" as a proof that, in the hands of a master, chromography is fully competent to deal with the most delicate mutation of the palette. The luminous character of the sky in this Chromo compares thoroughly with the manipulation and color of the painter himself. Indeed, were it not for a tolerably close inspection of the surface of the Chromo, the student might well be tempted to declare his inability to decide which was the original and which the copy.

The positive value of such works is indisputable. When we remember the quantity of trashy oil-painting sold at all prices between two and twenty dollars, frames included, which Mr. Prang has been gradually pushing out of the market—when it is remembered that a thoroughly excellent copy of a fine painting may be obtained at a price varying from two to fifteen dollars, or even lower than two; and when it is known that the list of admirable works thus put within the means of all, is being constantly augmented—we should suppose that it was unnecessary to add more to our valuation of the good labor in the cause of American Art which Mr. Prang is doing. He is gradually, but very certainly, elevating the taste of the masses of our people. His labor may possibly scarcely be recognized at its right value in the present generation, although we feel certain that its tangibly pecuniary result must be agreeable to him. But it is none the less clear that in the history of the progress of Art in the United States, the future ought to award him a high position, as one who will have done much to teach the popular eye and raise the standard of the popular taste. This is said advisedly, because Louis Prang has scarcely published a single really poor production of American Art, while at least one-half of his Chromos have been selected so happily, that they may do the missionary work on behalf of American Painting—being procurable from every Art and Picture-dealer through the United States and Canada, and thus promoting not only its love, but its future and broader development.

SCIENCE IN SLICES.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Street Steam-Cars.—Progress is a slow coach. People are rarely willing to permit departures from any system to which they are accustomed, no matter what the object may be. No one but the inventor had confidence in a mowing-machine, till they were compelled to confess it had merit; Mr. Howe could not make tailors see the advantages of his sewing-machine, till it turned out the work of more than twenty expert knights of the needle in the same time; nor would anybody believe it possible to transmit intelligence faster than it went by locomotive, when Morse asked assistance to establish an electric telegraph. If New York street-cars were moved by dummy-engines, which give out neither smoke or sparks, it would lead to one of the most important sanitary measures yet achieved. It would relieve the commercial emporium of an enormous amount of fifth engendered daily by twelve thousand car-horses, the exhalation from which loads the air with the vilest elements imaginable for poisoning the atmosphere the inhabitants are breathing. It would put an end to horse cruelty and equine abuses, which are a reproach to the Christian civilization of the age. Steam must and will be the motive power for street-cars by the time this generation, with its old-fogy prejudices, is out of the way.

Steel Pens.—Some idea may be formed of the amazing activity of the steel pen manufacturing establishments by a relation of the doings of only one of them. The business man of one of those establishments, in Birmingham, England, assured us that, assuming the population of the globe to be one thousand millions, he calculated more pens were made in one year by his force than would furnish each individual—ten pens each! In various parts of England, in France, Belgium, and perhaps in half-a-dozen other places, there are extensive works for the manufacture of steel pens. Very naturally the question comes up, What becomes of them? We might, with equal propriety, attempt to explain where all the pins go. It seems that the very active multiplication must glut the market; but, on the contrary, the demand is rather on the increase. Improvements, too, in their construction is still a study; so the consumption of so many pens makes it certain that the labor of writing employs millions of persons, and it also demonstrates a fact, viz., there must be a prodigious number of them in the mean while. In the Birmingham pen factory alluded to, there were six hundred neatly-dressed, tidy, intelligent young girls, guiding the operations of the delicate machines which fashioned the pens from flat steel ribbons, by rolling them into tubes, splitting the nib, and giving them a requisite finish. A steam-engine moved long rows of those beautiful little pen-mills, whose joint product in a single day turned off so many bushels of pens, that a large force of muscle was necessary to sort, pack, and nail up boxes for exportation.

Lines of Consanguinity.—Of thirty-one children, the offspring of brother and sister, according to the investigations of Bemis, or from a parent and child, twenty-nine were defective in some essential particular. It is an historical fact that the Incas of Peru were invariably children whose parents were brother and sister, yet no infirmity is given that any one of a long line of royal sovereigns from such an origin were defective in any respect. On the contrary, the chroniclers say they were very large men, quite above the ordinary stature. Dr. Winslow ascertained that the chiefs of the Sandwich Islands, from immemorial time, were children of brothers and sisters of royal blood. Some of them were perfectly gigantic in physical dimensions, and distinguished for prodigious muscular power, and mental activity in managing their dominions.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

MAGGIE MITCHELL made \$2,400 in two nights at Hartford.

EIGHTY theatres have been destroyed by fire in America and Europe since 1763.

HERVE has written an opera-bouffe on Faust. Mephistopheles is played by a female.

ZINA DALY is the latest prima donna who is patronized by Paris swells.

STOCKHOLM is about to have a new music-hall, capable of holding two thousand persons.

BURNARD has burlesqued "Beauty and the Beast" for a London theatre.

MR. ARTHUR MATTHISON has lately published his dramatic version of "Enoch Arden."

BOUCHICAUT was lately attacked at Brighton by a low fever, but at latest dates was recovering.

VERDI, the Italian composer, was recently thrown from a carriage, but escaped with only slight injuries.

ST. PETERSBURGH is to hear a new opera by Campana, still in manuscript, entitled "Nostra di Parigi."

JAMES STARK, the veteran actor, while playing an engagement in Virginia City, Nevada, was suddenly stricken by paralysis.

THE French censors have decided that no play by Madame Ratazzi shall be presented on any stage in the country.

LINGARD, it is rumored, is going to take the Grand Opera House in this city for a certain term from the 23d of December next.

M. THEOPHILE GAUTIER, the well-known romance-writer and feuilletonist, is about to marry Carlotta Gris, the once famous danseuse.

THE once famous ballet dancer, Maria Tagliani, is said to be dying of consumption, at Brunn, Moravia.

Moriacchi, the danseuse, has given Lothione, the musical director at the Boston Theatre, a miniature fiddle of gold.

THERE is talk of the discovery of an unpublished opera by Rossini, on the story of Joan of Arc; and it is further stated that it is to be first produced at Venice.

At the burning of the Dresden Theatre, the flames nearly reached the Museum, where many exceedingly valuable works of art, by Raphael, Correggio and others, were deposited.

THE Charing Cross Theatre, London, is soon to produce a piece called "Sailing for an Hour," mysteriously said to be "written by a missing author."

ANDERSON, the magician, is giving entertainments in the vicinity of London, his four daughters taking part in the programme, and skilfully performing a number of the tricks.

THE last number of the London "Ent'acte," a theatrical journal, contains a cartoon entitled "Alone," representing Mr. Phelps as a washerwoman engaged in scrubbing the floor of the Drury Lane stage clean from the stain of sensation drama.

IN a domestic drama now having a run at the Moscow Theatre, a studious young lady says sharply to her old-fashioned mother: "You ought to know that everybody is now saying that woman ought to be free." The exclamation is always received with applause.

CLARA LOUISE KILLOGG, Carlotta Patti, Madame de Briol, and other well-known singers, are engaged for Max Maretzek's opera season at the Academy of Music, beginning the 1st of November. The "Magic Flute" and the "Countess of Amalfi" will be performed for the first time in America.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MRS. BISMARCK looks older than the count.

HORATIO SKYMOOR invites interviewing reporters to dig potatoes with him.

"JEEMS PIPES" is in Salt Lake City, and is giving his popular lectures there with great success.

BISMARCK employs two Americans as translators in the foreign office.

MR. GLADSTONE recently took a seventeen-mile tramp.

BLONDIN now walks the tight-rope at the Sydenham Crystal Palace.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID is engaged in writing a serial story for FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

THE Rev. William Clark, M.D., for half a century Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, died recently in England.

THE exclusion of Ledra Rollin from the Napoleonic amnesty creates much talk in Paris circles.

QUANTRELL, the Kansas ruffian, who was supposed to have been killed a few years ago, claims to be alive.

MISS EMILY SCHONBERG, for some years the unrivaled belle of Philadelphia, is about to adopt the stage as a profession.

HON. JOHN P. HALE and family have arrived in Paris from Madrid, and will remain there until December. They will not revisit America at present.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE's estate is estimated at \$1,000,000, the bulk of which will probably go to a nephew.

MORGAN SMITH, the colored tragedian, is making a sensation as "The Slave" in the English theatres.

PRINCE ALAMAYO, son of Theodore of Abyssinia, wears knickerbockers, and eats ice like any Briton.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON received the compliment of a banquet from his admirers at Copenhagen on the 6th of September.

THE Sultan has dismissed his Secretary of the Treasury, because that conscientious functionary declined to supply him with sufficient pocket-money.

MADAME OLYMPE AUDOUARD, who lectured in America some time ago, is pioneering Woman's Rights in France.

A GRANDSON of John James Audubon, the great ornithologist, is an insurance agent at New Haven.

A FUND is raising in London to enable Blanchard Jerrold to visit and describe all the systems of administering public charity in Europe.

BAYARD TAYLOR has about seventy lecture engagements for this winter, which he proposes shall be the end of his lecturing career.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce has appointed Hon. Samuel B. Ruggles to represent it at the opening of the Suez Canal.

MR. KINGLAKE, the author of the "History of the Crimean War," has lost his seat in Parliament because he obtained it by bribery, and he is threatened with a criminal prosecution besides.

MRS. MERCY BRYANT, of Freedom, O., has kept a suit of grave-clothes ready for fifty years, having knit the stockings of fine cotton seventy years ago.

ALEXANDER DUMAS tells the Neapolitan editor who challenged him that he thinks too much of the dinners and other good things of this world to allow anybody to shoot him into another.

JUBAL A. EARLY has returned to Lynchburg, Va., looking better and in better spirits than at any time since Sheridan sent him whirling up the Valley.

EX-GOVERNOR AIKEN, of South Carolina, was fined twenty dollars by the Mayor of Charleston, recently, for neglecting to pay taxes on two horses and two carriages.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reports of Miss Bradon's mental condition, she is announced to open the "Belgravia Annual" with a story called "The Scene-Painter's Wife."

THE name of Mrs. Frances Gerry Fairfield, author of "Outwitted," etc., was accidentally omitted from our paper last week. She should have been credited with the article on "The Baby of the Period."

FATHER HYACINTHE.

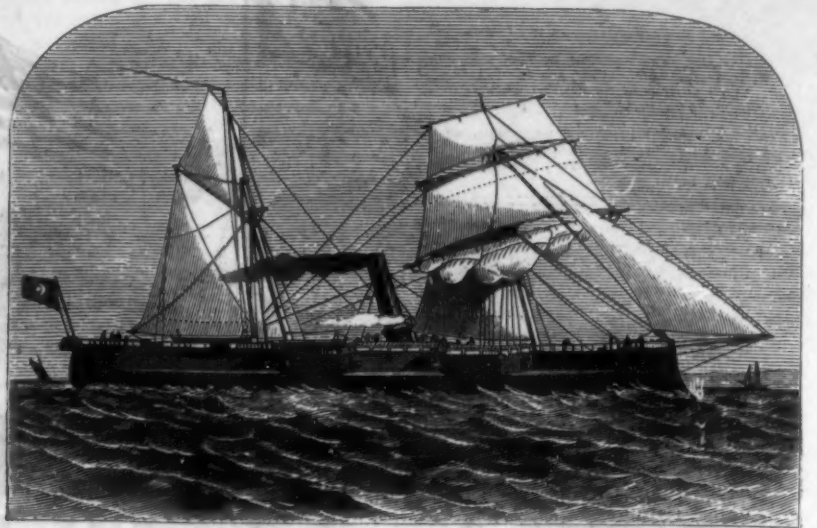
FATHER (CHARLES LORON) HYACINTHE, whose late independent course in Paris has excited such universal remark, not only in the religious world, but among all classes, was born at Orleans, France, in 1827, and completed his education at Pau. In 1855 he was ordained at St. Sulpice, in which parish he subsequently officiated as priest, but in the meantime he studied theology four years, and taught philosophy at Avignon, and afterward theology at Nantes. Having passed ten years in study, and a novitiate of two years in the Lyons Convent of Carmelite Friars, he became a member of the order, and was first a preacher in that city. While there, his sermons, delivered at the Lycee, were considered remarkable. During Advent, in 1863, he preached at Bordeaux, and in the Lenten season of 1864, at Perigueux. It was during the summer of 1864 that he made his first appearance in Paris, preaching at the Church of the Madeleine, and afterward at Notre Dame, having prepared a course of sermons for Advent. Here he at once, by the eloquence and boldness of his utterances, attracted public attention, and gained for himself a brilliant reputation. He is a most popular preacher, and it is from this fact that his recent letter excites such widespread comment. He says in his letter that he will not submit to be fettered in his speech by instructions from his superiors which, in his opinion, do not accord with the principles of Christianity. He also protests against the reactionary tendencies of the Roman ecclesiastics, and the divorce which he thinks they are trying to effect between the church and the society of the nineteenth century. He therefore refuses to preach any more in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, or to remain in his convent. It is possible that he may eventually, like Luther, separate from the Church of Rome; but at present, he aims only at accomplishing a reform without producing a disruption.

Father Hyacinthe arrived in New York city on Monday, October 18th, and intends remaining in the country about two months.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 127.



FRANCE.—BURNING OF PETROLEUM SHIPS AT BORDEAUX, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1869.



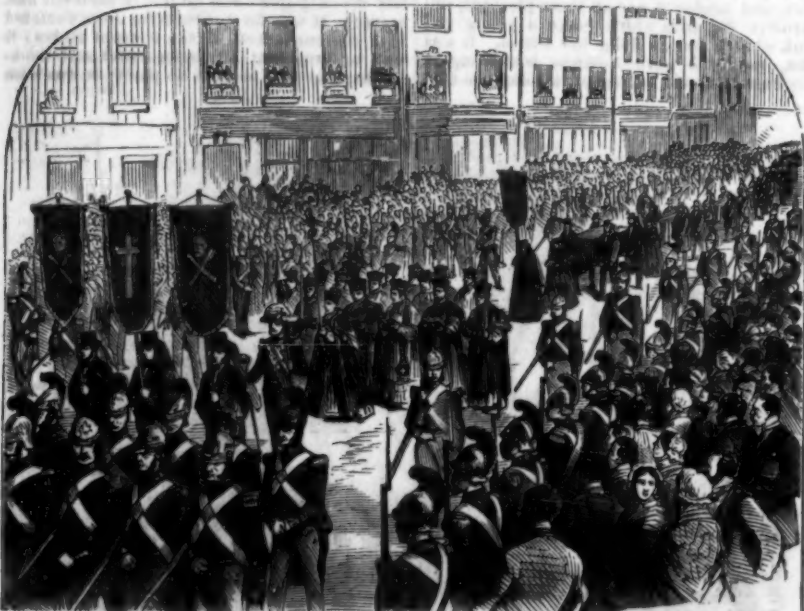
TURKEY.—THE NEW GUNBOAT MOYINI SAFFIR, CONSTRUCTED IN ENGLAND FOR THE OTTOMAN NAVY.



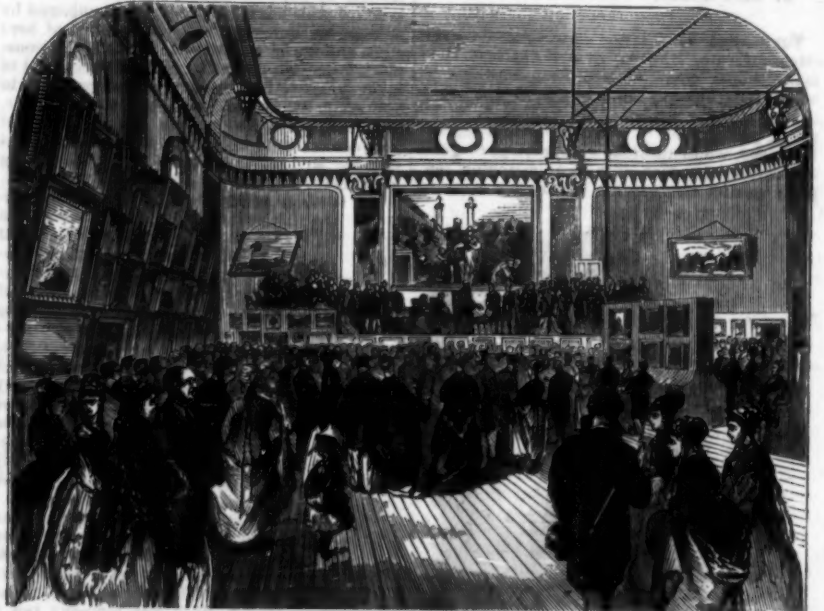
SPAIN.—SCENE OF A BAND OF CARLISTS FROM A CATALAN VILLAGE.



SAXONY.—BURNING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL AT DRESDEN, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1869.



FRANCE.—FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE LATE PANTIN MURDER, AT TURCOING.



AUSTRALIA.—THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA OPENING THE FINE ARTS EXHIBITION AT BALLARAT.



ENGLAND.—ELECTION OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, ON MICHAELMAS DAY.



ENGLAND.—EXPLOSION AND FIRE AT MOSCOW ROAD, BAYSWATER, LONDON.



NEW FISH MARKET NEAR FULTON FERRY, NEW YORK CITY, OPENED OCTOBER 18TH, 1869.—SEE PAGE 127.

ANSTRESS AND HER MONEY.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

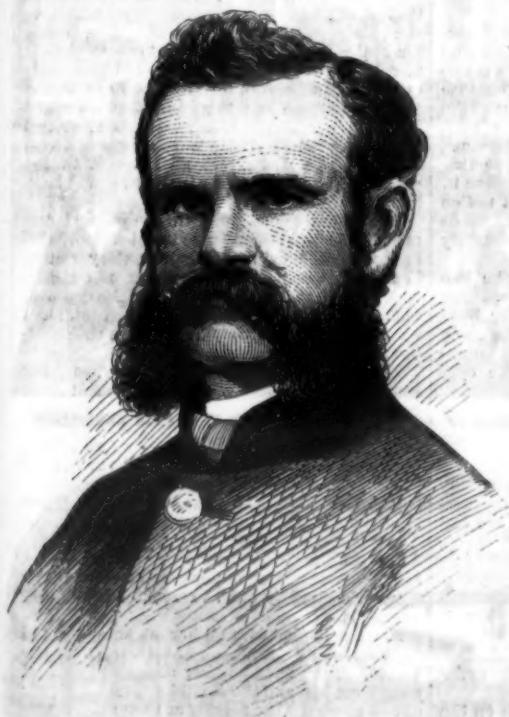
THERE had been large expectations in the city concerning the day when Anstress Hermans should come of age—expectations in which, it is not too much to say, almost every one within the circle of her radiation, so to speak, participated in a greater or less degree. Well-bred, well-educated, well-looking, of good disposition, the fact of her approaching majority caused the parents of eligible sons to

Whether the festivities were to take place or not, the parents and the sons just mentioned might certainly have spared themselves the trouble of hope or of conjecture, for the affections of Anstress had already been engaged by the son of her guardian, a companion of hers since childhood, and who, if not entirely arousing her deepest nature as yet, had succeeded in making himself as altogether indispensable to her daily life as he found her to be to his, and the only reason why the engagement between them had not been announced was because Mr. Jeffreys, the father of the young gentleman, and the guardian of Anstress, had, in order, perhaps, to save appearances by-and-by, expressed a wish that nothing of the sort should be considered definite and irrevocable until after Anstress had become of age, in which case, of course, it was wisest that nothing at all should be said of it abroad—Mr. Jeffreys taking excellent care, in the meantime, to hedge her about in good measure from any too great intimacy with other suitors, and to have nearly all the small things which make the happiness of life reach her only through this son of his, the tall and quiet, grave John Jeffreys.

Of course John could have nothing to do with bestowing upon her any of the material comforts which she enjoyed; those were the gift of her dead father, dead almost since her infancy; but it had been the policy of Mr. Jeffreys to afford those to her so stingingly, that when, through John's urgency, any greater largeness and liberty were allowed to Anstress, it should seem like the gift of John himself. Of this, to be sure, John was totally unobservant and unaware, or it might have fared differently with Anstress, for the young student had some pride of character that would have proved a formidable obstacle to such course of treatment. But, as it was, Mr. Jeffreys could not think of letting Anstress undergo the expense of a coach and horses; but John represented her desire for an equipage so strongly, that, when it was at last allowed, it was quite as if John took

given her the sapphires; and it was John who really took her to the theatre, to the picture-galleries, secured the best seat for her when any gay pageant was in procession, brought her the news, and rendered her all those pleasant, unobtrusive flatteries which make a young girl think what a sweet thing her life is. It was John, too, who gave Anstress something to busy herself about and to feel a solicitude for;

it was to make his pipe doubly pleasant to him that she spent months in embroidering a smoking-cap, with so much gold braid that it was top-heavy; to prevent his taking cold that the silk dressing-gown was quilted in such stir and secrecy; it was for a pattern for John's satchel that she ransacked all the worsted stores; it was to ornament his paper-cutter and book-marks that she learned to paint; it was with



MAJOR JOHN W. POWELL, EXPLORER OF THE COLORADO RIVER.—SEE PAGE 127.

count upon the advantages of her entrance into their respective families, caused the youths themselves—without, therefore, being coxcombs—to think of the possibility of grasping at once what few of them would ever grasp in all the course of their lives, and caused youths and maidens alike to rejoice in the prospect of the festivities with which, according to immemorial usage in such circumstances, the twenty-first birthday of the young heiress would most probably be celebrated.

her to drive with his own team, supposing that he had one; and when Mr. Jeffreys declared that his performance of his duty would be questionable if he suffered Anstress to purchase a set of sapphires on which her heart was fixed, it was John who had them sent to the house, and then displayed Anstress, decked in their sparkle, to his father, with such eloquence, that the guardian could not but relent, with much show of being overcome by the eloquence, but not at all by the sparkle, and it was quite as if John had



VIEW IN THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO, RECENTLY EXPLORED BY MAJOR JOHN W. POWELL, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CARVALHO.—SEE PAGE 127.

regard to his comfort or his welfare that she pursued almost every step of her quiet and guarded life—and very likely, in the first place and principally, because it was her nature to desire to be giving pleasure to somebody, and so far she had found nobody but John, and now it was a habit. She had lived in the same house with him as a child; after he went to the university, and while she attended to her studies with a governess, his casual return was something to look forward for, since it always was a holiday by Mr. Jeffrey's direction; the whole of his vacation was her vacation too; and she was beaming and smiling with pride and enthusiasm, at last, on the day when he graduated with the highest honors, and every one admired and praised, and he brought it all to her. John was a sufficiently fine-looking and manly fellow, of a temperate disposition and habit of thought, and of quite the average power of mind, so that there would seem to be no reason for condemning Mr. Jeffrey's course in having arranged the matter as he had between his son and his ward, and which would most probably have arranged itself to the same end had he let it alone. Anstess was perfectly happy in the relation—John was the top and flower of chivalry to her appreciation; it was a great thing to be his handmaiden, to work his cravats and slippers, to learn his songs, to dance with him every other time at the parties that Mr. Jeffrey allowed her to attend on the promise of denying herself all the round-dances—a promise that he had no need to exert, since Anstess had a holy horror of round-dances, and, besides that, they made her dizzy. It was on driving home from one of these parties that Anstess, a happy little maiden, wailed about by the security of wealth, and ignorant of any of the trouble in the world, was first awakened from her dream of youth, and into real life. Till that night suffering had never crossed her path, no one had demanded the exertion of her, and she had not troubled herself to think that every one in the world was not as comfortable and content as she was.

John had been away from town, and as he was to return in the midnight-train, she had left the little company—where, considering John's absence, she had been enjoying herself quite passably—something earlier than usual, and bade the coachman hurry home by the quickest route. The quickest route was by no means the pleasantest; indeed, it lay through the short-cut of a dozen squalid lanes, and Anstess, leaning back, with closed eyes, among her luxurious cushions, was startled by a yell and an oath, the shriek of a child, and then a loud tumult of cries. It was a drunken man, she afterward discovered, beating his child, and interfering with by the neighbors, till, in the general rough-and-tumble ensuing, the police brought peace about by carrying all the participants off to the station-house together. Anstess had made the coachman wait, in spite of his assurance that it was no place for the likes of her; her heart was beating with terror in one great pulse all over her; the vague things she had heard from Sunday to Sunday as to the presence of sin and horror in the world, without ever realizing them, became, all in a moment, living truths, and if suddenly a yawning chasm of the bottomless pit, across which flitted shapes of fire, had opened before her, she would have felt no otherwise than she felt that moment when these creatures rose and astonished her, by the glimmer of the street lights and the carriage-lamps—children that were incarnate disease, women that were only nightmares of women, men like wild beasts—all swarming to the scene of riot, and around the white-faced lady in the coach. "What does it mean?" asked Anstess, after the police had led away the originators of the disturbance. "Mame?" cried the nearest woman. "That it's a free country where Pat O'Harrigan hasn't the right to bate his own boy!"

"But he didn't know—he'd been drinking, they said—"

"Av coorse he had! And yese had been drinking yerself, an' the ould woman sint to the Island the same day, more betoken."

"To the Island?" asked Anstess, with a puzzled tone.

"Oh, yese a mighty foine lady," said the woman, turning off with a laugh. "But ye'll learn where the Island is sune enough, I'll warrant ye, if yese go round by day as naked as yese are by night!"

It is due to the coachman to say that at this point he had to conquer the inherited instincts of a long line of McMurphys in order to prevent himself from precipitating as fine a shindy as ever occurred out of Donnybrook Fair, but he struggled manfully, and suddenly sprang upon his coach-box again, and, like St. Anthony, overcame the temptation by fleeing away from what.

"What was that place where we stopped, James?—what street, I mean?" asked Anstess, when the coach drew up at Mr. Jeffrey's door, while she gathered closely now the cloak that had fallen from her forgetful shoulders when leaning from the carriage-window during the disturbance.

"Dade, miss, and you mustn't be ather asking me," said James; "for 'twould be all my place is worth if the master found I'd been driving you across a bit up the North End."

And not wanting to annoy him just then, Anstess went up the steps, not very much enlightened after all. John had come, for there was his hat in the hall. She ran into the drawing-room, and, in passing, paused a moment before the long mirror, and with a glance the woman's last words came over her with redoubled force, and she looked at herself as she had never looked before—the white silk clinging to the form, with its atom of a waist, out of which the shoulders rose like those of a dryad from a flower, the gore and train drawing away the skirt from the shapely hip.

"Oh, I don't wonder the woman said so!" cried Anstess. "It is just like a piece of statuary! Why didn't somebody tell me? And all the others were the same."

And she darted away to her own room, with no thought of John or of anything else but sheltering darkness.

The next morning Anstess was down long before breakfast, clad in her simplest guise, and had summoned James, and bade him put one of the horses into the chaise and drive to the place where he had taken her on the night before. James trembled for his situation, and assured her that indeed it wasn't safe; but as Mr. Jeffrey had not yet come down, the man had nothing to do but obey, which he did with better grace after Anstess had promised him perfect indemnity from Mr. Jeffrey's displeasure, no matter what happened; and driving to Messuage street, a little money easily melted the way before her, and Anstess had an initiation into a dark side of the world that her dreams had never visited. For when she entered a room in one of the houses of that dreadful district—a room several feet below the street, whose walls were stained with a perpetual ooze, under which the paper-hangings had rotted long ago, and the plaster had fallen in great patches; where, across the floor, the leakage of a water-pipe sent a perpetual gutter that gathered in a pool at the other end, above which a broken window was half blocked up with a heap of garbage; and in the damp and the dreary half-light a wizened-looking child of some dozen years was holding a gasping baby that had but a moments to live—when Anstess, who knew nothing of poverty, who had hardly seen sickness, and never seen death, entered this cellar, it was only because she was determined not to do so that she did not faint away, for she grew sick and giddy at the sight and thought of it. The little girl seemed to be too absorbed or too unhappy to think the intrusion anything strange, for when Anstess, looking at the pinched and frosted face of the baby, asked hurriedly where the doctor was, the child sobbed out that her mother had gone for him, but he wouldn't come, or they'd have been here. Before she had finished speaking, Anstess was in the chaise and away after the family physician of the Jeffreys; but when she triumphantly returned with him to the place, he was no longer needed—the baby had left it.

"I don't know what I wanted it to live for in such a place as this!" cried Anstess, never thinking of receding from the woman on whose shoulder her hand lay, and looking at the pitiful object in her arms with streaming eyes.

The woman turned away and held her dead baby in silence—she wanted at least the luxury of her grief alone. Anstess staid a moment to try and soothe the little girl, who was crying wildly, and then laid the contents of her purse in her hands, and went out after the physician. As they closed the door of the cellar, the doctor began to reprove Anstess for being there.

"Do not talk to me," said she. "What have they been hiding such things from me for? Now that I am here, I am going to see all there is to see. I don't suppose they can be quite as badly off in the upper rooms. What is the place left in this fashion for—the pipes leaking, the drains open? The landlord ought to be whipped through the streets!" cried Anstess, in a passion. "Oh, to think of their living so, with puddles of water on the floor, and the children dying in convulsions!"

"It was no convulsions the child died of," said another woman, hurrying in and shoving by them in the narrow way. "Twas starvation."

"Do you mean so?" cried Anstess, catching hold of her and letting go again.

"Indeed I do," replied the woman, hurrying on; "and 'tis no place for such as you, miss," she added, looking back, more kindly, "for the house is full of fever."

"I am not afraid of the fever," said Anstess. "And I am going up-stairs. It can't be that I shall find death in every room." But afterward, Anstess said to herself that death would have been a kinder visitant in those rooms than the squalor and the suffering, the sin and sorrow, that she found there. When she came out with the doctor into the free air again, the children on the sidewalk were saying that the little boy who was beaten last night had died this morning, and it seemed to her that the very sky had blackened since she went into that house.

When Anstess returned home, breakfast had been waiting nearly an hour; but that was of small consequence, for the reproofs her unexplained truancy received were only affectionate ones, since to-day was her birthday and the day of her majority. Anstess took all their congratulations very quietly, sitting by John's side, and silently revolving many things in her troubled mind.

"I am going to be told about my property to-day, am I not, John?" she asked, when they were alone.

"I suppose so," said John. "My father has been busy in the library with your papers, he said."

"Do you know how much it is, John?"

"Not exactly; but a large sum—seven figures, perhaps."

"What! millions?"

"I fancy so. Father said once that it was enough for the income alone to be a fortune."

"The income—that is, the interest? That is what other people pay for the use of it?"

"About that."

"Yes," said Anstess, reflectively; "I remember, in the arithmetic, the horrible things in percentage my governess used to drive me wild with. Six per cent.—and does one always receive six per cent. for everything?"

"Oh, no; sometimes less, sometimes more. Sometimes the money is not lying at idle interest as in loans, but is earning profits as in railroads and shipping. Savings-banks pay you a small per cent., because they are safe; buildings pay twice as much, on account of wear and tear."

"Why, I should think the interest paid to half the fortunes in the world would eat up all the other half some day!"

"So it would, according to figures. But,

practically, there are found to be great offsets and drawbacks."

"Tell me about it, John. I ought to know—oughtn't I?"

"Certainly. But it is an intricate matter; you couldn't understand it, dear, all at once. I don't think I do myself. There is only one thing clear—that the rates of interest are exorbitant, and that while philosophers quarrel as to what 'brought death into the world and all our woe,' it is certain that that, and nothing else, makes half the poverty and sin there is."

"There is something awful, then, in being very rich!" said Anstess, opening her eyes.

"Riches are certainly a great responsibility," answered John, gravely.

"Doesn't it make you afraid to marry me, John?"

"Few people," said John, laughing, "are afraid to marry an heiress. But your property is settled on yourself, and is to be always independent of all the husbands in creation."

"But you will have to take care of it for me, for you see I am completely ignorant, and don't know anything about any money except what I happen to have in my purse."

"Very well; and you will have to pay me a salary for doing so. I tell you beforehand, that my charges will be high."

Something made Anstess turn away quickly. Was it possible that John was mercenary?—that, after all, it was her money he meant to marry, or that salary belonging to the guardian of a fortune, rather than herself? Before the shadow had more than time to flit across her face, and bring with it and leave behind it a crowd of new thoughts, to add to all the others of the night and day, the bell rang, and a servant summoned her and John to Mr. Jeffrey's, in the library.

(Concluded in No. 737).

MEETING AGAIN.

TWELVE years ago, one summer night, We parted—parting full of pain; We parted in the broad moonlight, And in that light we met again.

The pale moon on grass and stream, No less a silver splendor shed; But we, with voices strange, in dream Seemed talking, and our old selves dead.

We met as phantoms of the past, For those long years had passed between, And gloom the light had overcast Of that bright love which once had been.

I sat in silence while she told Of what she said were happy days; Raking in vain those ashes cold, Where once had been so warm a blaze.

How he to whisper once had bent, She told, but dull the tale I found; And how she nearly gave consent— I traced weird figures on the ground.

Then riding homeward, all the trees Ran by me in the moon's broad gleam, As ghosts, and in the chill night breeze, Sad voices called me still in dream—

Sad voices of the days that were So happy once, as erst she said; I rode the faster then, yet there Behind me ever rode the dead.

AN OPTICAL STORY.

NED BRISTOW sat in his room, in a brown study.

Only twenty-five, tall, good-looking, and possessing a fair share of accomplishments—by no means a bad sort of fellow, he yet had a somewhat depreciative opinion of himself, because he had been taught an overweening idea of the value of the unrighteous Mammon, and of that, alas, his share was small. And yet he must have it—his luxurious tastes and his exacting social position required that he should have it. He had likewise imbibed the heretical notion that matrimony was one of the main methods by which his exchequer was to be permanently supplied.

It had been at Katie Brown's that he had found the subject of his meditations. Not Katie herself, indeed; he would never have aspired to her. She might be beautiful, and rich enough, but he never could avoid an uncomfortable feeling that the saucy blue eyes saw right through him.

There had been a keen twinkle in them that afternoon, when she insisted on his waiting to be introduced to her cousin, Miss Mary Delancey. And there arose to his mind a fairly distinct vision of a tall and graceful young lady in black, who had worn an opaque green covering over her left eye for the short time she had been in the room.

After her exit, he had said to Katie Brown: "She is very beautiful. It is such a pity that she has but one eye!"

"Isn't it? Such a terrible pity! But it makes less difference to her, she is so rich."

"Is she?"

"Yes, really; quite an heiress, and so amiable!"

And so Ned Bristow sat, with his heels on the fender, and cogitated seriously.

"Chance for me, maybe. I can stand the eye for the sake of the money. Makes us more nearly even. A girl with one eye can't expect much with a man who has two."

Ned studied the case long and carefully, and was so fully persuaded that "his chance had come," that the next evening found him again at Katie Brown's, with whom her cousin was proposing to make quite a visit.

He was more than pleased with the result. Never before had he felt himself so completely on a par with any real heiress, and if at times the display of some new accomplishment, or the discovery of some new attraction, brought

doubts to his mind, a glance at the green shade reassured him.

He was intimate at the Browns', and there was no reason why he should not continue, as he did, to make his visits daily.

Miss Delancey did not go out, and he managed to time his visits, so that, with Katie's kind and continual assistance, he had the field, as a general thing, entirely to himself.

In his own opinion, he was making wonderful progress, and was daily becoming better and better satisfied with the bargain which he intended making. Perhaps he might have felt less sure of making it if he could have overheard the private conferences of the young ladies themselves.

"Katie," said her cousin one day, "this is getting to be really too bad. I'm afraid that you have got me into a scrape by your mischievous fun."

"No, indeed, my dear; it won't hurt him a bit. I know him. He never could muster courage to propose to anybody, but I told him how rich you are, and he seems to be less afraid of a girl with one eye."

"The mercenary wretch! Well, he won't get any mercy from me. I hate a fortune-hunter above all things."

Urged on by Katie, who took a most malicious interest in the progress of his courtship, and persuaded him, almost against his better judgment, that he was sure of his now anxiously-desired conquest, in less than two weeks poor Ned was at the proper point of desperation.

Day by day, however, he had thought less and less about his fancied advantage, and was yet compelled more and more frequently to strengthen himself by glances at the consoling green shade. He had exerted all his powers of pleasing to the very uttermost, and they were really better than he himself was aware of.

At last the fatal hour arrived, and, by Katie's connivance, he found himself *à-la-tête* with Miss Delancey in the parlor. He half thought he could detect traces of agitation in her manner, and the thought gave him an immense amount of courage. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had not seemed quite so self-possessed as he did, but all his self-possession, surprising as it had been, even to himself, was destined to disappear under the withering rebuke of Miss Delancey's reply.

It was only one eye, true enough, but it seemed to flash fire in its gray depths as Mary drew herself proudly up to her full height, and said:

"Of course I am deeply indebted to Mr. Bristow for the compliment he has paid me, but it requires only one eye to appreciate his perfections or to fathom the depth of his devotion."

Ned's face turned red, and then pale, and then red again, with an expression of bewildered pain that brought a puzzled look into the solitary optic which confronted him; and then he caught up his hat, and rushed from the room.

Katie came in, in a fever of curiosity, to find her friend's face wearing a look of unexpected gravity, almost of humiliation.

"Katie, I have been doing terribly wrong. Oh, I am sorry I ever allowed this to happen! I am utterly ashamed of myself!"

"Oh, it won't hurt him. I only wish every fortune-hunter in the country could be served in the same way."

And the willful little vixen began to wonder what she should be able to say to Ned when she met him again.

As for the luckless victim, he found himself, after much aimless pedestrianism, once more in a brown study over the fire in his solitary room.

He understood it now. She was sensitive on that point, and she suspected him. That is, she understood him. No, not that, quite, for Ned was now fully aware of one important fact, to wit, that he was really and genuinely over head and ears in love with Mary Delancey. But of what use was that, now that he dared not look her in the face again? Oh, what a glance he had received from that eye of hers! That one eye was worth all the rest in the world to him. He almost wished he had been blind before he had ever seen it.

Day after day went by, and the young ladies rather missed their late constant visitor, and half wished him back again. They hardly imagined, however, the state of mind into which they had cast him, though Mary's conscience troubled her more than a little, for a woman is rarely entirely deceived in such matters.

Katie had no such troubles, however, but went on in her usual willful way, until it came near bringing its own punishment. She had been to call on a friend, hardly two blocks distant, and had stubbornly insisted on returning home alone, although it was after dark, and the street was empty and lonely.

"She needed no company," she said, "and no one should go with her so short a distance."

She had not gone half the way, however, before a rude arm was thrown around her, and a rough voice laughed in her offended ears:

"Ha, my pretty one! I reckon I'll take a kiss, anyway."

Katie struggled with all her might, and would have screamed but for the broad hand over her mouth. Then suddenly her assailant was torn away from her, and she caught a terrified glance of two men striking fiercely at each other. One of them fell heavily to the ground—it was not the one who had seized her—and the other one ran away, for several persons were approaching.

She screamed, now, with delight, to recognize her own father in one of the new-comers. She would have been fully justified in fainting, but perhaps she forgot it in her eagerness to tell him what had happened. Old Mr. Brown turned quickly to look at the face of the gentleman whom two policemen were raising from the sidewalk. In spite of the pallor and the blood on his face, he recognized him at once.

"Was my son, Katie, it's Ned Bristow! The brave, good fellow! Take him to my house!"

directly; he is a friend of mine. I hope that he is not seriously hurt."

"Wall, yer honor, I guess he's hit pretty bad. The sooner he gets tended to the better, I say."

If Katie had been in a tremor of surprise and fright before, she was in what might be called "a state of mind" now.

But, in obedience to Mr. Brown's orders, poor Ned was carried up-stairs to a spare room, and a surgeon called.

The only severe blow had been dealt with a "billy" on the left side of the face, and Ned was still insensible from its effects.

"The skull is not fractured, but I have serious doubts of the injury to his eye," was the surgeon's comment, as he shook his head over the ugly-looking wound. "I will be in again early in the morning. Please be careful in following directions after he comes to himself."

Old Brown himself was a good hand in such matters, and he watched gratefully by the man who had defended his daughter. When Ned recovered consciousness he was alone with the old gentleman, but did not seem to recognize him, and soon fell into a heavy sleep.

Meantime the young ladies, after a hundred anxious inquiries, were compelled to retreat to the sleepless retirement of their own room.

"Well, Katie," said Mary, "your friend has taken his revenge, on you at least, in rather an unexpected manner."

"Mary, how can you! Don't speak of it! It's too bad!"

And even Katie Brown had to find relief in a fit of crying. After a good many mutual expressions of repentance, they concluded by a determination to visit him the first thing in the morning, though what for they could hardly have told. When they attempted to carry their plan into execution, however, before breakfast even, they were met at the door by old Mr. Brown and the surgeon.

"Oh, papa, how is he?"

"He has been awake, but is asleep now."

"Is he in any danger?"

"No; he may have some fever, but the main fear is that he may lose his eye."

"Oh, dear! His eye!"

"I can tell in a very few days," said the surgeon. "If his eye is not hurt, he will be out soon."

"May I look at him?" said Katie.

"Yes, if you will make no noise."

Mary followed her, and they stole on tiptoe into the room, which had not yet been darkened after the surgeon's visit.

The handsome face—and it was really handsome—was almost as white as the pillow on which it lay, and was only partially concealed by its bandages. Katie felt a strong impulse to step forward and kiss the pale lips, but she only murmured:

"I always liked him. He was a brave, good fellow!"

Mary said nothing, and they quickly withdrew.

The fever followed, somewhat more severely and protractedly than the surgeon anticipated, and he remarked that the mind must have been in an excited state at the time the injury was received. When, therefore, the ladies paid their visit the next day to the now darkened room, they could see but little, and could only hear a few incoherent mutterings, in which the names of Katie and Mary were oddly mingled.

The next day, learning that the fever had abated somewhat, they repeated their charitable errand. Not that they expected to speak to him, but it seemed to be a sort of duty.

Poor Ned had pretty nearly recovered the use of his reason, and had been wondering where he was. He remembered the fight, but had no idea for whom he had interfered. He was alike unmindful of the silent nurse who sat by the head of his bed, and of the noiseless feet that had just reached the doorway.

"I know—I remember all now. Heard the doctor say my eye was gone. Well, I lost it in a good cause. I'd not have been a man if I hadn't interfered. Who was she? Wonder if I saved her! Wonder where I am! I'm even with Mary now. No, I ain't—wouldn't be it I had forty pair of eyes. Love her just the same."

And so he was muttering on, when the nurse interrupted him with:

"Master said that when ye com'd to yourself, I was to ask if ye'd any message to send anywhere."

There was a good deal of unliteral pathos in Ned's voice, as he answered:

"No—no message. There isn't anybody that'll miss me much."

Very quietly did the two girls steal out of the room, and this time they had neither of them anything to say when they found themselves alone.

As for Ned, he did not seem inclined to ask any questions of the nurse, and, when the surgeon came, he seemed to have fallen into an apathetic state of mind, which sorely displeased and puzzled the man of science.

When Mr. Brown came to pay his visit on the succeeding morning, he found his young friend able to listen to the torrent of thanks which he poured upon him. He hardly expected much of a reply, but he got one when he asked Ned if he would not like to see Katie and receive her thanks in person.

"Tell her, no—if she'll oblige me, I'd rather she would not come."

Old Brown was puzzled, but he was a man of discretion, and he held his peace, intending to question Miss Katie at a proper time and place.

Day after day, by the surgeon's orders, Ned lay in the darkened room; but the weary time wore out at last. Vexed at his sullen silence, the good doctor had ceased trying to converse with him, but gruffly told him one morning that he had better try a little light.

Ned was already sitting up, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and, as the doctor moved toward the window, he arose slowly to his feet. He was unaware, or careless, of the presence of other parties in the room, but others had come in besides Mr. Brown.

The amount of light was increased slowly, but it still quite dazzled Ned's unaccustomed eye for a moment. There, however, standing directly before him, and gazing anxiously into his face, he perceived not only one female form, but two, and something very like a shudder passed over his frame as he caught sight of the green shade.

Still the light strengthened, and now Katie came forward and said, as she took his unresisting hand:

"Oh, Ned, won't you ever let me thank you? Won't you forgive me the pain I have caused you?"

He shook his head mournfully, and she added:

"But look here, Ned!" and with that she caught the green shade away from her friend's head, disclosing a left eye as bright and beautiful as the other. Ned was touched now, and his reply was not to Katie.

"Miss Delancey, you told me once, that one eye was quite enough to see my perfections with—why have you brought both of yours to look upon my misfortunes?"

Mary had not been without a good deal of "thinking" during those days of waiting, and she answered, earnestly:

"I was wrong, Mr. Bristow; I did need both my eyes to see you in your true character; but I may thank the railway spark, if it did blind me for a while, since it made me acquainted with you—only the tables are turned now."

"Turned? Yes, bitterly turned!" said poor Ned, as he lifted his hand to his head. "You do well to remind me of it. The tables are turned!"

"I did not mean that—I could not be so ungenerous!" cried Mary; "but the doctor says—"

"Hold on there!" shouted the doctor to Ned. "Let that bandage alone! Your eye'll be right enough in a week or so, but you mustn't uncover it yet."

Ned was fairly bewildered, and the doctor dropped the curtain. So will we, with the assurance that two pairs of good eyes eventually looked down upon the wedding-ring. Ned and Mary both recovered from their optical delusion.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Burning of Petroleum Ships at Bordeaux.

One of the greatest conflagrations of petroleum ships ever known occurred at Bordeaux on the night of the 28th of September. A custom-house officer on board the ship *Sainte Trinite* struck a match to obtain a light, when the gas that filled the cabin took fire, and a series of explosions followed. In a few moments the ship was in flames, and the fire spread with great rapidity among the shipping in the harbor. Seventeen ships were completely destroyed, a majority of them being laden in whole or in part with petroleum, and several other vessels were more or less injured. The flames lighted up the harbor with great distinctness, and the spectacle is said to have been a magnificent one.

Sortie of a Band of Carlists from a Catalan Village.

The Carlist insurrection in Spain has not been entirely suppressed, though many of those who were prominent in starting it have become involved with the Republicans. Small bands were raised in many of the villages of Catalonia, and their departure was attended with a manifestation of enthusiasm on the part of the inhabitants. The Catalonians supplied themselves with whatever weapons they could find, but these were no match for the arms of the Government troops, and in every struggle the insurgents were at great disadvantage.

Funeral of the Victims of the Pantin Murder.

The funeral of the seven victims of the horrible affair at Pantin, near Paris, took place at Turcoing, the residence of the murdered family, two days after the inquest was concluded. The railway-station where the remains were received was hung in black, and many of the houses along the route of the procession were similarly draped. The military formed a double line along the street, and a detachment of gendarmes marched at the head of the procession. Nearly all the shops were closed, and in the few that remained open the workmen left their benches until the funeral was ended. The streets were crowded, and the whole populace as the procession passed, stood with uncovered heads. In accordance with the French custom, the Government offered to defray the expenses of the funeral, and notified the civil authorities to that effect. As the latter had already raised a considerable sum for that purpose, they decided to apply it to the erection of a monument to the victims of Traupmann's avarice.

Election of the Lord Mayor of London.

The election of Lord Mayor of London is an important event for the metropolis of England, and there is always a great deal of interest in the result. This year there were at first three candidates, but after several meetings of their friends, it was at length decided that one of them should withdraw, and leave the contest to the others. These were the present Lord Mayor, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Nottage. The formal nomination took place at Guildhall, on Michaelmas Day, and the poll began immediately. Our illustration represents the scene in Guildhall yard, when the members of the Livery or City Guilds were coming to register their names, as they entered the hall on the nomination day.

The New Turkish Gunboat, the *Meyval Zafir*.

This vessel, the name of which signifies "aid to victory," is a new iron armored war-steamer, built for the service of the Ottoman navy, by Messrs. Samuda Brothers, of Poplar, near London. She has a double central battery; is 1,400 tons nominal or builder's tonnage; and 2,400 tons displacement. She is entirely cased in armor from 4 ft. below the water to her gunwale or main deck, the armor-plates being generally 6 in. thick. The entire of her double battery is also cased with armor-plates, generally 5 in. thick. Her armament consists of four rifled Armstrong guns, each 12 tons weight, and so arranged as to be able to command on each side an arc of fire ranging over 150 deg. of the 180 deg. or entire horizon. Her engines of 400-horse power nominal (but capable of working to six times that power, work on double or twin-

screws, one on each side of the stern-post. The vessel is constructed with a bow suitable for ramming, and has been fitted with a false bow over the same, the object being to give additional seaworthy qualities to the vessel, while preserving the power to ram with the stem when required. The ship was launched on June 12 last, and is now ready for trial. She is expected to attain speed of 13 to 14 knots an hour when exerting the full power of her engines.

Burning of the Royal Theatre at Dresden.

The Theatre Royal at Dresden, Saxony, was burned on the night of September 21st. The fire began in a little hall near the stage, just after the close of the performance, and is said to have arisen from the carelessness of one of the workmen in the wardrobe. The fire made rapid progress, and in a few minutes the whole building was in flames. A small part of the wardrobe was saved, and also the books of the management, but nearly everything else was destroyed. The theatre was one of the most beautiful in Europe. It was built between 1837 and 1840, by the celebrated architect Semper, at a cost of three millions of francs. A great many singers, actors, dancers, musicians and workmen are thrown out of employment by this calamity.

Opening of the Fine Arts Exhibition at Ballarat, Australia.

The Australian colonies of Great Britain have made commendable progress in the fine arts, and the exhibition this year, at Ballarat, is said to have been an excellent one. The opening took place on the 21st of July, and was honored with the presence of the Governor-General. His Excellency arrived by special train, accompanied by Lady Manners Sutton, Miss Manners Sutton, and Lieutenant Rothwell, his aide-de-camp. They were received at the station by the Mayors of Ballarat and Ballarat East, and the President of the Mechanics' Institute, and welcomed to Ballarat. Directly the train stopped, a guard of honor composed of the Ballarat Rangers, under the command of Captain Sleep, presented arms, while the National Anthem was performed by the band of the corps. At half-past two o'clock the doors were opened to the holders of season tickets, and shortly afterward the hall was filled. At three o'clock his Excellency and the viceregal party proceeded to the institution, where the addresses prepared for the occasion were delivered and received with loud applause.

Explosion and Fire at Bayswater, London.

An explosion of a peculiar character took place recently in Moscow Road, Bayswater, London, causing the death of seven persons. The house thus appallingly visited is described as a "six-roomed dwelling," and, like many of its class in the poorer streets of busy quarters, it had as many occupants as could very well manage to find accommodation within its four narrow walls. The proprietor, whose name is Tetheridge, and who is an old tenant, let one of the upper rooms to a widow named Mrs. Jack and her family—two sons and a daughter. These were in the house at the time of the fire, and not one of them escaped. Three of the children of the proprietor were burned to death, but Tetheridge and his wife escaped serious injury. The lower floor of the building was occupied as a shop for the sale of newspapers, toys, and fireworks; and the explosion was caused by the ignition of some of the pyrotechnics. The front of the building was partly blown out, and the whole structure was on fire in a few moments. For the time that the fire held sway, it was so fierce as to threaten not only the houses on each side, but those opposite. Moscow Road is a poor and crowded thoroughfare turning out of the Queen's Road, Bayswater, very near the station of the Metropolitan Railway.

OPENING OF THE NEW FISH MARKET.

NEW YORK has long needed a neat and tasty fish market, and at last she has one. The new building is an attractive piece of architecture, and stands on the banks of East River, near the Fulton Ferry. The interior arrangements are excellent, there being a sort of hall filled with tables for the display of fish, while at the rear of the building, on the water side, there is a range of small offices for the dealers, with doors opening directly upon the dock. The building was thrown open to the public on the evening of October 18, and a crowd of more than a thousand gentlemen and ladies attended, by invitation.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado River.

In the great southwest region of the territory of the United States there is a belt of country that has long been the region of myths. Gorges with cliffs overhanging to shut out the day; underground courses of a great river that carries the melted snows of vast mountain glaciers; great cataracts, whose plunging waters make roaring music, heard on the distant mountain summits with a thousand imaginative embellishments, have been given as the characteristics of this region, known vaguely as the Grand Canon of the Colorado.

On the 24th of May last, a party under the direction of Major J. W. Powell was fitted out for the purpose of exploring this grand natural curiosity, the feat having been pronounced impossible by expeditions sent out by the Government. The movements of the party were attended not only with much difficulty, but great peril to life and limb. Penetrating the narrow and deep gorges, and directing their course onward, in spite of the many cataracts that rushed down upon them at places least anticipated, and in spite of the crags and ragged rocks that rose up in all their grandeur across their path—stopping here and there to gaze on the magnificent and imposing towers, whose summits reflected the rays of the sun nearly three thousand feet above them, the explorers at length accomplished their purpose, but with a loss of three of the party, who either perished amid the cataracts, or by the hands of Indians.

Major John W. Powell, the leader of the expedition, was born in Mount Morris, Livingston county, N. Y., March 24th, 1824. In 1846 his father, a Methodist clergyman, removed to Wisconsin, where, for several years, John led the life of a farmer, occupying all his spare hours with study and teaching school. During his course at Oberlin, Ohio, he gave much attention to history and geology, and made numerous excursions about the great lakes, and along the Mississippi and other rivers. He served a period of three years and eight months in the army, filling important positions, and acquiring himself on all occasions to the satisfaction of his superior officers. At the close of the war, he was appointed to the chair of Geology and Natural History in the Illinois Wesleyan University, where he remained until the spring of 1867, when he was elected Curator of the Illinois Natural History Society, and Professor in the State Normal University. He soon after organized an expedition to explore the Park Mountains of Colorado, and the summer of 1867 was given to the mountains about South and Middle Parks, the early summer of 1868 to further research in the Middle Park, the fall and following winter to the examination of the country on the Grand, White and Yampa rivers, and the last few months to the exploration of the cañons of Green and Colorado rivers. Our picture which accompanies the portrait of Major Powell is from an original painting by Mr. Carvalho, an artist who accompanied General Fremont through the Rocky Mountains in 1846.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE State of Texas has a suit against George Peabody for the recovery of \$300,000 in gold.

A RAILROAD from Kansas City, Mo., to Memphis, Tenn., is talked of.

ANOTHER Garibaldi movement is said to be on foot in the province of Calabria, Italy.

A (WORLD'S) Woman's Convention will assemble in November in Berlin.

THE Mormons are pouring into Utah by the hundred, via the Pacific Railroad.

THE Jewish quarter of Prague is set apart from the rest of the city by wire partitions!

CORPORAL punishment has been discontinued in the Tennessee Penitentiary.

A FILE of the "Worcester Spy" from 1791 to 1866 recently sold for \$500.

THE clerks of Paris are on a strike; they demand a larger remuneration for their services.

THERE is a rumor that, following out the traditions of his family, the King of Italy will shortly abdicate in favor of his son, Humbert.

IN Switzerland it has been ascertained that one out of every two hundred and two of its inhabitants is afflicted either with cretinism or insanity.

THE worship of the monkey is rapidly declining in Southern India. The inhabitants are now quite infidel to their old way of thinking.

DIAMOND districts are becoming almost as common as once were gold districts in Southern Africa and Australia.

LEPERS have so increased in the City of Mexico, that a convent has been set apart for them as a hospital.

FOR the year ending October 1, the revenues of the British Government footed up the sum of £73,232,707, or about \$375,000,000.

THE first water-power saw-mill of which there is any record, was erected at Saardam, Holland, in 1596.

THERE are only three governments in Europe without a representative assembly. These are Russia, Turkey, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

THE British Dialectical Society puts forth a book, urging that no family shall contain more than three children.

YALE COLLEGE has a Freshman thirty-six years old who served through the whole of the late war.

THERE is living in Lynchburgh, N. C., a man aged thirty-two years, whose stature does not exceed eighteen inches.

SENATOR SPRAGUE, through a Mr. Halstead, has purchased the Washington "National Intelligencer," designing to make it his organ.

AN additional force of 3,000 men have been dispatched from Spain to Cuba, to suppress the insurrection on that island.

A MAN was arraigned before a magistrate at Austin, Minn., for squeezing a woman's hand. He was fined.

THE great Mormon Co-operative Society recently started by Brigham Young is pronounced a failure. It is in debt to the shareholders \$16,000.

THE New England States are to be consolidated under one Government inspector, to facilitate the collection of the internal revenue.

THE Legislature of Virginia stands adjourned until the second Tuesday following the formal rehabilitation of the State by Congress.

HARVARD COLLEGE has had seven Presidents in twenty-five years. The last is Mr. Eliot. Of those, four are dead—Quincy, Everett, Sparks, and Felton.

THE Empress of France is at present in Alexandria, Egypt. She was the guest of the Sultan, on the Bosphorus, up to the 26th inst.

AT Wiscasset, Me., there is an Echo which distinctly repeats itself eighteen times. If that Echo could vote, what an invaluable "element" it would be in New York political circles!

OLD age is common in New Hampshire. One of its papers recently published a list of eighty-five women and fifty-one men who had died in that State aged 100 years and upward.

It is rumored that in the forthcoming message to Congress the President will very pointedly advocate the propriety of recognizing the Cubans as belligerents.

WHILE stamping a letter, the other day, in the post-office at Boston, the clerk had his arm seriously injured by the explosion of percussion-caps placed within the envelope.

THE Nashville "Press and Times" says that the watch presented to Lafayette by Washington, and stolen in that city in 1825, has recently been discovered in a pawnbroker's window in a Western city.

SEVERAL of the members of the Fat Men's Association visited by invitation the fair of the American Institute, in this city, on the 23d inst. They made quite an exhibition, and drew a large crowd.

PENNSYLVANIA and Ohio, at their recent State elections, returned the candidates for the gubernatorial chairs nominated by the Republicans, by small majorities.

It is said that General Banks learned the printing trade, when a young man, in the office of the Boston "Traveler." Mrs. Banks, when a girl, also worked in the same office.

THERE were in the United States Treasury on the 23d of October \$114,000,000 in gold. This is the largest sum in the precious metal the Government has had at any one time at its command since the close of the war.

IN Southwest Colorado a party of mountaineers recently discovered the bones of six men and forty-six horses, which are supposed to be the remains of a portion of one of General Fremont's exploring parties, lost twenty years ago.

THE progress of the republican revolution in Spain is rapid. The northern departments are in arms, and, notwithstanding the most stringent measures, the Government finds itself too weak to wholly subdue it.

A WOMAN in Indiana accidentally swallowed a large black spider the other day. It produced sickness and incessant vomiting for several days after it was swallowed, and for some time she was considered in a critical condition, but is now convalescent.



SCENE AT THE DOCK ON THE DEPARTURE OF ARCHBISHOP SPALDING AND BISHOPS WOOD, M'GILL AND OTHERS FROM BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 20TH, TO ATTEND THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

General W. M. Belknap, the New Secretary of War.

GENERAL W. M. BELKNAP, who was recently appointed Secretary of War in place of the universally-lamented Rawlins, is the son of Brevet Brigadier-General W. G. Belknap, of the Regular Army, who died in 1861, while en route from Fort Belknap, in Texas, to the coast.

He is a graduate of Princeton (N. J.) College, and by profession a lawyer. His military career dates from 1861, when he entered the army as Major of the Fifteenth Iowa Volunteers. While General Grant's army was besieging Vicksburg, he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and appointed Provost Marshal of the Sixteenth Army Corps. In the Atlanta (Ga.) campaign he had command of the Iowa Division, and was made a brigadier-general for gallant conduct during the battle of July 22d, 1864, when the noble McPherson fell.

On leaving the army at the close of the war, he accepted the office of Collector of Internal Revenue for the First Iowa District, under President Johnson's regime, which position he held up to the time of his appointment as the successor of General Rawlins. His administrative powers were severely tested both in the army and the Collector's office, and his management proves them to be of the highest order.

Departure of Archbishop Spalding and others for the Ecumenical Council.

THERE was a manifestation of deep interest at Baltimore on the 20th of October, on the occasion of the departure of Archbishop Spalding to attend the Ecumenical Council. The archbishop was escorted from his residence to the dock by a large procession, and two large steamers, densely crowded, escorted the Bremen steamer down the river to the bay. The following were among her passengers: Most Rev. Martin J. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore; Bishops Wood, of Philadelphia; McGill, of Richmond; Domenere, of Pittsburgh; Mullin, of Erie; James Gibbons, Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina; James M. O'Gorman, Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska; Rev. Charles

O'Connor, Vice Rector of the American College at Rome, and several priests, together with Messrs. Benjamin Kelley, and Corrigan, students from the college at Rome. A large crowd was at the steamer's wharf to cheer the party at their departure.

Visit of the First Light Infantry, of Providence, to New York.

THE First Light Infantry, of Providence, R. I., arranged some months ago to pay a visit to New York, and the Twenty-second Regiment, of the New York National Guard, prepared to receive them. The Providence company arrived on the morning of the 13th of October, and was received at the dock by the Twenty-second Regiment, under command of Colonel Porter. A heavy rain was falling, and both hosts and guests were pretty thoroughly drenched in their march to the armory, where the Mayor of the city, A. Oakley Hall, welcomed the strangers to New York, and Colonel Porter, of the Twenty-second, and Captain Dennis, of the Light Infantry, responded for their commands.

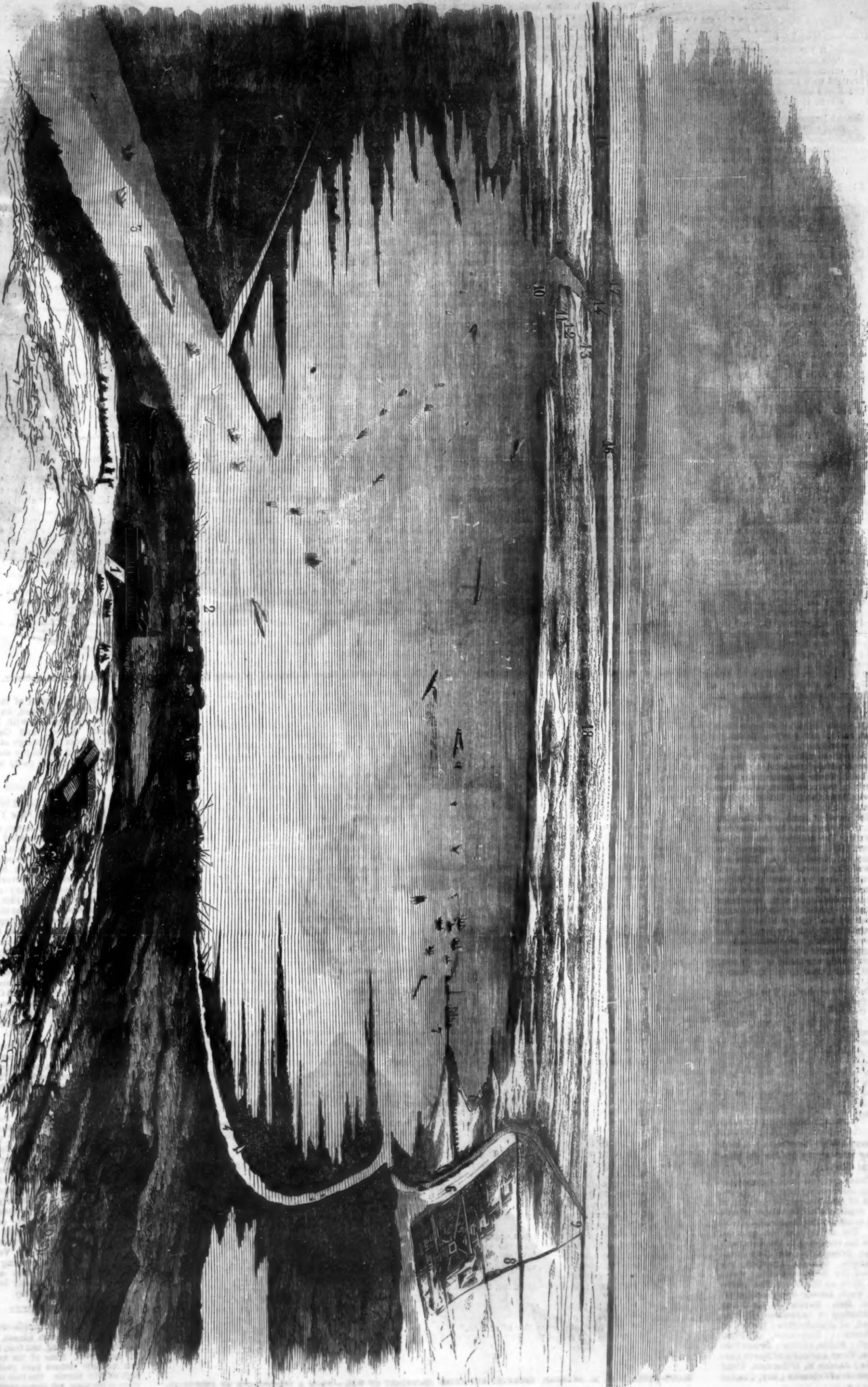
The infantry showed sixty-eight muskets in the stack, and the following officers appear upon the roster: Captain, Charles R. Dennis; First Lieutenant, Samuel G. Trippe; Second Lieutenant, W. E. Clark; Third Lieutenant, H. B. Cady; Fourth Lieutenant, J. J. Jencks; Quartermaster, F. J. Sheldon; Assistant Quartermaster, G. W. Pettis; Paymaster, W. H. Tool; Commissary, H. J. Steere; Assistant Commissary, W. H. Fenner; Chaplain, V. A. Cooper; Surgeon, W. B. Anthony, M. D.; Quartermaster Sergeant, G. W. Cady; Orderly Sergeant, E. B. Bullock. Accompanying the battalion were several gentlemen who were formerly members of the company, and now form the First Light Infantry Veteran Association. In the evening there was a brilliant reception at the armory, and the company left for home on the following day.

THERE is a natural apple-orchard in one of the Sandwich Islands. It is twenty-five miles long, and from five to ten miles wide. Some of the trees in this immense orchard have yielded as high as fifty barrels. The fruit is delicious to the taste, but decays rapidly.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. M. BELKNAP, RECENTLY APPOINTED SECRETARY OF WAR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

1. The Victory's Cabin. 2. Dockyard and Foundry. 3. Entrance of the Maritime Canal into Lake Timsah. 4. The Sweetwater Canal. 5. The Lagoon Vortabop. 6. The town of Ismailia. 7. Landing-place. 8. The Ismailia Railway. 9. The Suez Railway. 10. The Maritime Canal, going out of Lake Timsah. 11. Ge'el-Mariam. 12. Toussoum, and Tomb of the Sheikh Kheired. 13. Station of Serapeum. 14. The bitter lakes. 15. Forest of El-Ambak. 16. Ge'el-Ossou. 17. Suez. 18. El-Moou-Bahia. 19. The Suez Canal-Lake Timsah and its surroundings-Bird's-eye view taken from the Viceroy's Chateau—See Page 311.



INFELIX.

[The following lines, simple as they are touching, were written by the late Ada Isaacs Menken. They tell the story of her life.]

Where is the promise of my years,
Once written on my brow?
Ere errors, agonies, and fears
Drought with them all that speaks in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers;
Where sleeps that promise now?

Naught lingers to redeem those hours,
Still, still to memory sweet?
The flowers that bloomed in sunny bowers
Are withered all, and Evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
Of Sorrow and Decelt.

I look along the columned years,
And see Life's riven fane,
Just where it fell, amid the jeers
Of scornful lips, whose mocking sneers
Forever hiss within my ears,
To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life is vain,
A desert void of peace;
I missed the goal I sought to gain,
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls Fame's fever in the brain,
And bids Earth's tumult cease.

Myself! alas for theme so poor,
A theme but rich in fear;
I stand a wreck on Error's shore,
A spectre not within the door,
A houseless shadow evermore,
An exile lingering here.

The Hidden Treasure.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

PART IV.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE most curious thing to me is when a man studies the different phases of insanity as presented in his own mind. It seems natural enough for us to watch the mental phenomena displayed in others; but for a scientific person to sit down, and carefully note the vagaries of his own brain until they have advanced so far that he is compelled quietly to succumb, there is something appalling in the thought.

And yet it has been done hundreds of times, and I am engaged at it this minute. I feel certain that I am sinking not only physically, but intellectually. There are times when I lie in bed with my eyes open, and yet I know nothing. I can't tell where I am, what my name is—and when I look at my thin, white, claw-like hand, it seems as if it is away off in the distance, and is something else altogether.

Then I dream—dream wide awake. All the indescribable visions, the dizzy whirlings through space, the floating through fathomless caverns, the weird music, the spinning through mid-air, the bewildering rush of color and sound—all these are mine, until my identity is lost, and I am really a drifting atom in the great world around me.

And then comes sanity. I find my forehead comparatively cold, and my brain is as clear as a bell. There is almost a supernatural sharpness in my perceptions. I am all mind, and feel able to grapple and solve the most abstruse mathematical or legal questions. By way of experiment, I have made the attempt to recall some of the most difficult theorems of Euclid, and the intensely severe reasoning of the Integral Calculus, and have succeeded in every case with a completeness little short of the miraculous.

Such is my condition while penning these lines. It seems that I could write for a week, and could do what no man ever yet accomplished—make every point in the Constitution so lucid and clear that the fool need not err in its interpretation. I do really believe I could solve the problem of reconstruction satisfactorily to all parties.

But this wonderful mental acumen is going, my hand begins to falter, I stop—

I AM much weaker to-day, and my mind is still clouded. Occasional gleams of sharp mental perception, followed by blank forgetfulness, alternate with each other. I cannot finish a sentence without reading it over several times, so as to keep the connection. A great deal of what I write has no connection at all, and whoever undertakes to decipher this page will have a difficult task.

Well, this can't last much longer. The end isn't far off. O mother! can't you come to your boy? Come, rock me to sleep, let me lay my bursting head upon your lap, let me sleep—mother—night is closing—take my hand—lead me—O mother!

Hark! I hear footsteps—can it be mother? no; they sound like those of Squirrel—can it be he? he comes too late—

CHAPTER IX.

From the Journal of Adolph Squirek.

It is a good many years since my blood has boiled as it has while reading over this journal of the unfortunate Fred Weldon. Up to this point I have experienced a sort of sympathy for the scamp Almanaz, and have not been particularly anxious to punish him for his rascallities.

But I mistook him; there is no punishment too severe for such a wretch, and there is none which it is in my power to inflict that I shall not visit upon him.

THE above was all I was able to write before I proceeded to action. Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, I can sit down calmly and write its history.

When Fred Weldon handed me his journal, and told me that I would find it "all" there, he spoke the truth. One would be blind not to read the heartless revelation contained in those miserably scrawled lines.

Alvarado Almanaz was resolved on leaving the United States, but he was equally resolved, before doing so, to raise a large amount of money to take with him. He had several intimate confederates, besides a general connection which he maintained with the Mulligan brothers. It is plain that this gang determined on the death of the young lawyer, in consonance with their line of conduct with their enemies, but he had the intention changed to that of abduction.

The Cuban laid the trap which brought Weldon to the High Bridge, where he was stricken to the earth by a fierce blow from a slingshot (as I judged from the appearance of the wound), which came within a hair's-breadth of killing him outright.

He was carried down the bank, placed in a wagon, and driven rapidly away to the house of some one, where he was kept several days, until the fever of excitement regarding his disappearance had partly subsided, when he was driven a long way to a distant station, placed in the cars, transported to Chicago, and put in the charge of Muggens, the keeper of the restaurant.

Here my own blundering stupidity comes to the surface. By suitable inquiry, I could have gained a knowledge of this abduction, and checked it ere it was really consummated. Fred Weldon, I have reason to believe, was taken to Chicago disguised in woman's clothes, and his face carefully concealed from view.

Señor Almanaz entertained grave doubts from the first of his getting any of the immense wealth of the Mulligan brothers, and so he entered into a little speculation of his own. His plan was to get Fred Weldon to Chicago, there keep him securely concealed, under the belief that a large reward would be offered for his recovery, and then to act as a go-between, securing his own immunity from arrest at the same time.

The expected reward was not offered, and he dallied and hesitated, fearful of taking the initiative himself, and all this time Fred Weldon was steadily sinking. Doctor Ruthven was a man who engaged in anything, no matter how disreputable, that gave him the requisite toll, and he hesitated not to use his utmost skill to prevent the recovery of his patient. The strong, vigorous constitution of the latter would have caused him quickly to rally but for this.

In the meantime the Cuban was becoming desperate. He saw that his prisoner must either die or get well, and if the expected reward failed to reach his hands, he meant that he should do the former. Although pretty well provided with funds at the beginning, his enormous expenses were rapidly running them down, and, as poor Weldon remarked, a crisis was close at hand.

At this juncture my humble self appeared upon the scene, and it was high time that I did so.

Having found Fred Weldon alive, and made myself acquainted with his condition, I left, with my mind made up to allow no more delay.

My first proceeding was to telegraph Judge Woodland that Fred Weldon was alive, and would soon be at his home in Somerville, and requesting his daughter to break the tidings as gently as possible to his mother.

And after this I proceeded to business.

My first step was to make myself known at the police headquarters, and to ask for assistance. This was readily obtained, and just at the dusk of evening a close carriage, containing two policemen besides myself, was driven rapidly through the streets in the direction of the restaurant of Mr. Muggens.

We had quite a distance to go, and it was dark when we reined up several squares away. I observed, too, that a fine rain was falling as we stepped out upon the pavement.

We were all dressed in citizen's clothes, and we proposed to enter the restaurant, take a few oysters, and make sure of the presence of either the doctor or Almanaz before we proceeded to anything.

As we walked down the steps and pushed open the door we discovered several loungers within—some playing dominoes at a small table, with their glasses of beer sitting beside them, while a tall Hoosier was swallowing the bivalves so rapidly that Muggens was in a perspiration from his efforts to keep him going.

We glanced around the apartment, but none of our men were there.

CHAPTER X.

A HALF hour passed by, and still there were no indications of the coming of our men. By this time I began to suspect that a trick had been played upon us, and I asked Mr. Muggens to show us to a private room.

He very willingly did so, leading us into a small apartment, and turning up the small point of light into a flaring jet, he stood ready to receive our orders.

"Mr. Muggens," said I, "we wish to have a few words with you."

"All right," was his response, as he looked rather cunningly at me.

"We may as well tell you that we are three police officers—here his eyes opened wide, and he put on a scared look—"and we have come to take away that sick man."

"Which one?"

"The one that Señor Almanaz, the Spaniard, brought."

"Why, he isn't here."

"Where is he?"

"They took him away this afternoon."

"Where did they take him?"

"I don't know, upon my word."

"Who carried him off?"

"Why, the Spaniard and the doctor."

"What is the doctor's name?"

"I—I don't recollect."

"Come, that won't do," said Runkle, one of my men; "we ain't so green as all that. If you can't think of the doctor's name, we shall lock you up until you can polish your memory. The fact of it is, Muggens, you are mixed up in rather a bad piece of business, and the best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of everything. It may save you a great deal of trouble."

"Oh, I recollect—Doctor Ruthven!" exclaimed Muggens, his face lighting up, as if with the sudden recollection.

"I know him very well," said Runkle; "he and I have met before. You are sure, Muggens, that you don't know where he has gone?"

"I would tell you, gentlemen, if I did."

It looked as if the man spoke the truth, and we saw there was nothing more to gain in that direction; but I put a few more questions to him, which I knew he would not dare refuse to answer.

"How long ago was this sick man brought here?"

"About a couple of weeks, as near as I can remember."

"How was it that they came to bring him here?"

"I have kept Doctor Ruthven's patients once or twice, and there's one of 'em in the house this minute. He brought this young man one night, and said I must keep him any way. He wouldn't take any refusal, and so I was left no choice about it at all; but I never felt easy about it, gentlemen, and I am glad he has been taken off my hands."

"Did the doctor ever tell you his name?"

"No; that's what I didn't like about it."

"I suppose he paid you quite liberally?"

"I wouldn't have the care of another man for double the amount; fact is, Doctor Ruthven needn't bring any more of his patients here."

This attempt to curry favor on the part of the restaurant-keeper was so transparent that it amused us.

As we arose to depart, Runkle placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, half in jest and half in earnest:

"You'd better take my advice, Muggens, and close up this partnership with Doctor Ruthven. We've had our eye upon you for some time, and one of these days you'll be jerked up before you know it."

A few minutes later the same three individuals who had entered the restaurant something like one hour before came out upon the street again. We found it raining quite hard, and it was very dark.

Runkle directed the driver, and away we went rattling through the streets at a speed which struck me as nothing less than dangerous. Fast as we went, it seemed a long time before we halted; but when my brother professional shoved open the door, and we followed him out, I recognized the neighborhood.

It was still raining, and our clothes glistened in the lamplight as we hastily ran across the pavement and up the steps.

The bell was furiously rung, but in answer to our inquiry the servant made answer:

"Doctor Ruthven isn't in."

"Confound the luck!" exclaimed Runkle.

"How soon will he be back?"

"Can't tell; perhaps in a few minutes, and perhaps not before morning. Will you come in and wait?"

While we were debating whether to accept the invitation or not, we saw the shadowy figure of a man approaching through the rain, and hoping that he might be the individual we were seeking, we waited until he came opposite.

Sure enough he was our man, and came upon the porch behind us, rattling a bunch of keys in his hand; but, seeing his servant standing in the door, he replaced them in his pocket.

"Good-evening," he remarked, looking rather dubiously at us as he ran the gauntlet between us until he reached the door. "Do you want me?"

"Yes," was the truthful answer of Runkle.

"To go somewhere?"

"Yes," was the equally truthful reply.

"What is it?" he asked, standing in the dismal rain, where none of us were protected by umbrellas, and not inviting us to enter.

"We will explain inside, if you please," said Runkle, shoving open the door and walking in.

As this proceeding made the physician the invited party, he followed, and the others brought up the rear.

I think he had a vague suspicion of our errand, and I lightly touched Johnson, the other officer, with my hand, as a signal for him to be prepared for any movement; but the doctor evidently saw that anything like this would be the worst thing we could do.

Inside his office, he reached his hand up to the gas, and as it flamed up, looked sharply around into our faces.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" he asked, stepping back so as to face us, and coolly taking off his outer coat.

Runkle motioned to me to answer.

"You had better sit down, doctor, as what I have to say concerns you more than it concerns us. To-day you had a call from a ministerial-looking gentleman, who made some inquiries regarding the general health of Chicago. That man was a detective police officer, who was seeking out young Mr. Weldon—a patient of yours, and a friend of his—and he overheard every word that passed between you and Señor Almanaz, who called shortly after. In short, that gentleman was—myself! From your office I went straight to Muggens's restaurant, where I found the man lying in a critical situation. The symptoms to me were, that he was dying of a slow poisoning, although, not being a medical man, I cannot speak with any certainty. I remained a short time with him, and then went out for company. Early in the evening we returned, but in the meantime you and the Cuban had removed him."

"Yes; I found he was not mending as fast as desirable, and thought it best to change his quarters."

The impudent coolness of this man commanded my admiration. He sat paring his finger-nails while I was speaking, and showed not the slightest embarrassment at what I had said.

"To cut our story short, we are looking for Mr. Weldon, and have come to ask you to direct us to him."

"I haven't the least objection to doing so," was the reply, uttered with the same refreshing coolness; "but the night is rather stormy—"

"We have a carriage waiting at the door," interrupted Runkle.

"And I have several engagements," continued the doctor, "one of which is very important."

"Not more so than this," said Runkle. "We cannot excuse you."

"Very well; as you seem greatly interested, I will do my best to serve you. I must speak a moment to my servant," he added, rising hastily and walking to the door.

There was some reason to suspect a trick, and the instant he passed into the hall, I stationed myself near the door, so as to dart out and intercept him if he made any attempt to leave.

But he halted very near me, and spoke a few rapid words to some one, who made an indistinct reply. Then, as the doctor came back, smiling and polite, we heard the door open and some one pass out.

"Who is that?" I asked, with an uncomfortable suspicion that some game was being played upon us.

"Merely my servant. I have sent him to ask Doctor Barnes to take my place in the consultation that I was to attend this evening."

"Do you propose to await his return?" I asked.

"It is not necessary. I am ready to accompany you," he replied, drawing on his gloves.

"Fortunately we have not a great way to go." We passed out into the misty rain, where a surprise and disappointment awaited us. The carriage was gone!

An exclamation of fury escaped Runkle.

"That stupid blockhead! he must be afraid the rain will hurt him. Well, we shall have to take it afoot."

Immediately after Doctor Ruthven's servant passed out the door, I fancied I heard the near roll of carriage-wheels, and I then suspected what afterward proved the truth. The fellow, at the suggestion of the physician himself, made the driver believe that our party had sent him out upon some important errand, and had taken this means of warning the Cuban of his danger.

On this point we had been outwitted, and my two brother professionals held the same suspicion that I did, although neither gave any expression to it.

Doctor Ruthven, as a matter of course, took the lead, and our nocturnal tramp began.

After leading us through several dark, winding streets, he abruptly halted, and exclaimed:

"By George! I've gone astray."

"Where do you wish to go?" inquired Runkle.

"No, 19 Blankton street, I believe, is the place."

"If you had told me that when we started out, I could have saved all this loss of time," muttered Runkle, who of course understood the ruse. "Your actions, Doctor Ruthven, show, beyond all question, that you are engaged in a criminal business. However, I'll take the place of guide, and it isn't likely this mistake will be repeated."

Runkle proved the truth of his words. In less than twenty minutes he halted in front of a restaurant, almost the counterpart of Muggens's.

Doctor Ruthven seems to have a penchant for turning eating-saloons into hospitals," he remarked, turning toward that individual.

"Please lead the way."

A few minutes after, we were in the presence of Fred Weldon, who was stretched upon a small, neat cot, apparently asleep. He did not stir as we approached, and a chill ran over me at the thought that perhaps he was dead.

"What is his condition?" I asked, turning toward the physician.

"He lies low with fever of a typhoidal character."

"I will remain with him," said I to Runkle.

"Can you send me a good physician and nurse?"

"I can," was the reply, "and will do so at once; and as soon as you feel it safe to leave your friend, come to headquarters. We shall need your testimony. Doctor, will you be kind enough to accompany us?"

The question was a command, and the physician went out with them without uttering a word, while I remained by the bedside of my young friend, Frederick Weldon.

In the course of an hour, a genial, pleasant-faced medical man made his appearance, accompanied by a matronly lady, who, it was easy to see, without any questioning, was the nurse that was so badly needed.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER a careful diagnosis of the case, Doctor Butler pronounced Fred Weldon hovering between life and death, where it needed but a breath of wind to sweep him one way or the other. In answer to my inquiry regarding poisoning, he replied:

"It looks very much that way, but I would not say positively that he has been tampered with. Toxicology is a science itself, and the most skillful practitioner would not pronounce judgment in such a case, without more data than are before me. Let me examine his medicine."

Strict search failed to discover anything more than a single bottle of what was labeled "Liniment." Doctor Butler smelt and tasted of this for a few moments, and then set it down again.

"That's all right; no poison there."

"What is it?"

"Simply a harmless wash for the wound."

upon his forehead, which is certainly improving very fast."

"I consider that circumstance suspicious in itself," said I. "This Doctor Ruthven certainly uses medicine, and, if it were innocuous, and would bear examination, he would not be afraid to leave it here."

"But you saw several bottles at the other place."

"Very true; but that was before he had been alarmed by my visit. He had not then begun to cover up his tracks."

The physician smiled very significantly, but made no reply. He was a man naturally reticent, and whatever thoughts he had, he preferred to keep within himself.

Having left what medicine was needed, and given his instructions to the nurse, he departed, and I followed shortly after, without having exchanged a word with the patient.

As the life of Fred Weldon was still in danger, I concluded to send nothing more to his friends until there was a change one way or the other. I had some thought of telegraphing to his mother to come, but Doctor Butler advised against it, and his advice was followed.

At the police headquarters I encountered Runkle, who was impatiently awaiting me.

"This Spaniard has scented danger, and is seeking to get out of the city. I want you to go with me to the depot to watch for him, while I have given a half dozen a description of him, and they are on the lookout."

Glad enough was I to assist in the apprehension of this heartless wretch, who had plunged so many hearts into the lowest depths of woe, and who deserved the severest penalty that it was possible to inflict.

I was well satisfied that if Almanaz knew of the sharp search that was being made for him, he had a good chance of eluding us, after all. As every one knows, there are so many avenues of ingress and egress in Chicago, not to mention the numerous haunts of desperate characters, that a fugitive from justice is almost as safe in this great city of the West as if he were in the heart of New York.

But it was not likely that he had any suspicion of the measures we had instituted, and consequently would not take any extraordinary precautions. It was not at all improbable that, at that very moment, he was at his hotel packing up ready for flight—but our force was too small to weaken it by sending to see.

Runkle informed me, as we walked along, that Doctor Ruthven had been locked up for the night, but that he would no doubt be liberated on bail in the morning. Nothing as yet had been discovered of any more of the confederates of the Cuban, Almanaz.

We walked rapidly toward the depot, like men conscious of the value of time. We were talking together in low tones, when I suddenly placed my hand upon Runkle's arm and checked him.

"What is it?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Yonder is our man!"

There was no mistaking the identity of the tall figure, with valise in hand, crossing the street. He took the same direction that we were following, when he reached the pavement, evidence that we were none too soon in seeking to head him off.

He was about twenty yards distant, and going at a rate that required our utmost effort to surpass. We came up, one on either side, and both placed a hand upon his shoulder at the same moment.

"Señor Almanaz, you are our prisoner!"

He started as if shot, and stared first at me and then at the other, and was absolutely speechless. Looking arms within his, we wheeled about and started for headquarters.

Still he failed to utter a word, until we had nearly reached our destination, when he bristled up and demanded what it all meant. I could see from the glances he cast at me that he suspected my identity, and no doubt understood what our proceedings meant without any enlightenment from us.

We did not reply to his questions, nor take any notice of his threats, but kept him securely between us, until he was safely within the walls of the prison. Then we separated, and, as the hour was late, I went to the nearest hotel, where I am sitting, writing up my journal, before retiring to rest.

CHAPTER XII.

TUESDAY, November —. Thank a good Providence, Fred Weldon has come up out of the Dark Valley, into which I believed, last evening, he had gone too far to retreat.

The kind old soul, Doctor Butler, tells me that the crisis came about midnight, when he had returned to watch for it. Under beneficent Heaven, with the aid of a powerful constitution, which had never been impaired by dissipation, he began to rally, and has continued steadily to improve ever since.

This morning he is still so weak that I concluded not to intrude upon him, but to wait until toward evening. The doctor says he is flighty, and at times completely astray with his faculties, but his mental equilibrium will be recovered simultaneously with his intellectual; and, unless some unforeseen accident occur, there is nothing to be feared in his condition.

After my call upon Doctor Butler I dropped in upon Runkle, who met me with rather startling intelligence.

"Upon going into the cell of your Cuban acquaintance, I found him dead and cold."

"Suicide?"

"Yes; with the dagger. The fellow was more frightened than he need be, for it isn't likely he would have been hung."

"The disgrace of the exposure and punishment, which could not fail to follow his arrest, were a thousand times worse than death itself to his proud spirit."

"I suppose so; but it always seems to me that the foolishness of a man can do is to make away with himself. However, he is gone."

There was no attempt to hunt up the confederates of Alvarado Almanaz, excepting Doctor Ruthven, who easily produced bail, and was allowed to go free. As it would be impossible to prove anything criminal against this man (although it is morally certain that he is one of the most guilty and dangerous men in the community), his connection with our affairs, I suppose, terminates with his walking out of the jail.

The reports from Doctor Butler continue encouraging, and this evening Fred Weldon and I met on a level for the first time in several weeks. The poor fellow reached out his hand, as I took my seat by his bedside.

"Squirrel, you are a good friend of mine," he said, in a feeble voice, while the tears welled up and filled his beautiful blue eyes.

"No better than you are to me."

"Tell me how mother is?"

"Perfectly well at the last accounts. I telegraphed to-day that you were rapidly recovering, and might be expected home in the course of a few days."

"I cannot express to you how much I thank you."

"Then don't try to do it."

"Tell me all about it."

Tell him I did, from beginning to end. It took a long time, and during the recital it would be hard to say which showed the greatest interest—the nurse, the doctor, or Fred Weldon himself. He drew a long sigh of relief when I had finished.

"What an experience has come to me from my getting mixed up in this Mulligan business! But how long before I can go back to Somerville with you?"

"Doctor Butler is the gentleman to answer that question," I laughed, looking toward the physician.

"I see no reason why he should not be able to return day after to-morrow; but you must not allow yourself to become too much excited, for the reaction cannot fail to set you back again."

"I will endeavor to be careful."

The door was pushed hurriedly open; the form of a woman swept by us toward the bed.

"Oh, my son! my son!"

And with her arms thrown around the neck of her boy, Mrs. Weldon sobbed as if her heart were bursting, while Fred cast his weak arms around her, and their tears mingled.

For a few moments we were silent, and I am not ashamed to say that my own vision became misty, while Doctor Butler blew his nose again and again, cleared his throat, and flidgeted around as though he did not know what to do with himself.

"I am—am—really afraid this is too much for our patient," he said, walking aimlessly about the room.

"It looks as if it were too much for us," I replied, making a ghastly effort to be funny.

The old Galen, however, was fidgety and uneasy, but he saw it was useless to interfere. Such a course might produce more injury than good.

When the tempest of joy had subsided, the calm came, and Mrs. Weldon raised her head, and looked fondly in the face of her son.

Then the doctor and myself wandered out of the room for a few minutes, until they had been given an opportunity to say what they chose; but, after a while, the physician returned, and insisted that the patient needed rest, and should not be disturbed any more.

"To tell the truth," said he, with a serious face, "I am afraid he has already been put back several days."

But no one else feared any such thing. The radiant countenance of the young man himself proved that it was the best tonic that could have been given him.

As might be expected, Mrs. Weldon would not listen to any arrangement that shut her out from her son.

"By him I shall stay until he is ready to move," she said, in her quiet but emphatic manner, "and then he shall rest his head on my shoulder until he lies in his own bed at Somerville."

"Those are my sentiments," said Fred, who was beginning to feel light-hearted, and was disposed to be facetious. "How are all the folks at home, mother?"

"Especially at Judge Woodland's," I put in; "that's the point he is aiming at."

Mrs. Weldon started, and put her hand in the pocket of her dress.

"La, me! If I didn't come nigh forgetting it."

"Forgetting what?" asked Fred, a flush of interest overspreading his face.

"There! I do believe I have lost it," she added, without heeding his question, and fumbling anxiously in her dress.

"Lost what, mother?"

"Never mind; I guess it isn't of much importance."

"If you will only tell us what it is, mother, it will be some relief."

"Oh, Fred! did you speak to me? Why, Florence gave me a letter for you, and I do believe I have lost it. I guess there wasn't much in it, and if there was, she can tell you when you get back to Somerville. You don't care, son, do you?"

"Oh, no," was the response.

But I saw plainly enough his keen disappointment, although he did his utmost to conceal it.

"Let me see," said his mother, as if striving to brush up her memory; "where did I put that letter?"

She sat in thought for a few moments, and then drew it out of her bosom.

"How came I to forget it? Here it is."

Fred Weldon's hand trembled violently as he opened the letter, despite his determined efforts to appear cool and self-possessed.

I narrowly watched his countenance as he read the few lines within. First there was the intense, straining look of interest; then the flash of a new happiness, followed by the serene radiance of young love.

He read it over several times, and then folded

and handed it back to his mother, as though it were a business piece of paper in which he had no material concern.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

We present this week a bird's-eye view of Lake Timsah and a portion of the Suez Canal, with its surroundings. The view was taken from the summer palace of the Viceroy of Egypt, and will be found interesting in the extreme. Lake Timsah is said to be one of the most attractive points on the route of the canal, and its climate, except in midsummer, is far from disagreeable. The great canal is soon to be thrown open to the passage of ships, and if it realizes the expectations of its projectors, it will make an important change in the whole course of the carrying trade of the world.

International Industrial Exhibition at Buffalo.

The International Industrial Exhibition at Buffalo opened on the 6th of October with imposing ceremonies. There were many entries from Canada, and since the opening day the number has greatly increased. Nearly thirty steam-engines are in operation, and the mass of machinery displayed is quite bewildering to a novice. The fair is held in a large skating-rink, said to cover more ground than the Empire Rink in New York, and admirably adapted for the purpose. The citizens of Buffalo have done everything in their power to make the affair a success, and all visitors are loud in praise of the arrangements.

The Union Park Unitarian Church, Boston, Mass., Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Pastor.

The corner-stone of the new Unitarian Church was laid in June, 1861, and the edifice was solemnly dedicated to the service of God, January 8th, 1862. The society is a very old one, and was, many years ago, known as the South Congregational Society. The first house of worship was on Washington street, at the corner of Castle, and was opened for service in January, 1825. In 1856 Rev. Edward E. Hale was called to the pastorate, and under his able ministrations the congregation increased so rapidly that a new and more commodious edifice was rendered necessary, and arrangements were made which subsequently resulted in the present structure. The society is now one of the wealthiest in Boston, and has accomplished much good in the home and foreign missionary work.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, April 3d, 1822; graduated at Harvard College, in 1839, in the same class with Hon. Sam. Eliot, late President of Trinity College, Hartford; was ordained at Worcester, Mass., April, 1846, and remained there ten years, at the end of which time he was called to the South Congregational Church, Boston. He has discharged his pastoral duties with the utmost fidelity, and is a recognized leader in all good works. His labors have so increased that he has found it necessary to engage an assistant, Rev. John Williams who also acts as his private secretary.

The New Agricultural College, Washington, D. C.

The new Agricultural College, located on what is known as Public Reservation No. 2, between Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, at the National Capital, is a worthy neighbor of the Smithsonian Institute, and will prove a strong attraction to professional farmers and scientific gentlemen throughout the country. The extreme length of the building is one hundred and seventy feet, and its greatest depth sixty-one feet. It is constructed of fine brick, and contains a finished basement, three full stories, and an attic story. In all its departments the building bears evidence of the most substantial workmanship. The arrangement of the various rooms, the heating and ventilating apparatus, the disposition and cultivation of the gardens—where seeds, plants, flowers, and modes of agriculture are tested—are all of that liberal character which foreshadows a grand success of the institution. Preparations are being made to establish an immense arboretum, and considerable attention and money will be bestowed on the experiment of cultivating plants, grains, and vegetables, that are now foreign to this country. The commissioners have entered into correspondence with agriculturists in all parts of the world, for the purpose of securing seeds, bulbs, cuttings, and plants, and the usefulness of the College will increase daily. The museum, which is in the centre of the building, and one hundred feet long by fifty-three feet wide, and two stories high, has already proven a great place of resort.

A REAL ENOCH ARDEN.

A New York correspondent in one of our Western exchanges gives his readers the subjoined bit of romance, and insists, besides, that it is "entirely true." Whether "made out of whole cloth" or not, it is worthy of perusal, as a sort of truth-stranger than fiction paragraph:

A sergeant in my regiment at Chickamauga was seen to fall in the heat of the engagement, and our lines being pushed back, the body was not recovered till next day. When the poor fellow was found, he was so mutilated that his face could not be recognized. A comrade, however, found in his breast-pocket a miniature of his wife, and sent it her, with an account of his death. It turned out that the body was not that of Tom C., but a sergeant of another company. Tom, desperately wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy, and was sent to Andersonville, where the rebel surgeon cut off one of his arms and one of his legs, and he recovered in due time. When poor Tom returned to his home in Pennsylvania, he was a mere wreck of his former self, and nobody in the village knew him. His wife had removed to Illinois with her parents, more than a year previously. Without making himself known to any of his old acquaintances, Tom started for Illinois to hunt for his wife. When he arrived in the neighborhood where she was living, he learned that she was married to an old friend of his, who had followed her from Pennsylvania. His first impulse was to make himself known to her, and claim her as his own; but when he saw the young cabin in which she was living, and heard how kindly she was treated by her husband, he changed his mind. "Suppose I go and claim her," he said to himself, "how can I support her? What can I do for her with only one arm and one leg, and a body weakened by months of suffering at Andersonville? No; she is happy and contented, and thinks me dead; I will not destroy her happiness and become a burden to her." Tom acted upon this resolution, and worked his way

to New York, where he set up a small business as a carbstone merchant, getting on prosperously. He soon made enough to buy him an artificial leg and a patent arm. He was a good business man, and in the course of a year enlarged his stock in trade and opened a regular retail grocery. He made money fast, and became a prosperous merchant, respected by all. In his prosperity he never forgot his wife, and always cherished a hope that she would be restored to him. He was a subscriber to the paper published at the town near which his wife lived. One day he saw in this paper the announcement of the death of the man who had married his wife. He lost no time in starting for Illinois. He found his wife in deep mourning, and she had added an infantile link to the family circle. Tom made himself known to her, and was rejoiced to find that she still loved him as fondly as ever. It was some time before he could convince her that he was not a ghost returned from the other world. In order to make things sure, the parson was called in, and Tom and his wife were married over again. They went to New York, where they are still living, as happy a couple as you will find in Gotham. They live in a brown-stone front. This story is strictly true. The ending is rather better than that of Enoch Arden, and I think Adams would do a good thing if he would depart from the version of Tennyson, and in the last act get Philip Ray ground up in his own mill—accidentally, of course—and make poor Enoch step in and enjoy the wife and the fortune left behind. "What about the picture of Tom's wife, found in the pocket of the dead soldier?" Tom says when he was wounded, and left upon the field, a straggler came along, and he stopped him. Supposing he would bleed to death, he gave his picture to the straggler, with a message for his wife. The rebel cavalry made a charge soon after, and killed the straggler, with the picture in his bosom, and carried Tom off to Andersonville. That accounts for the picture being found, and causing everybody to believe that Tom was killed.

WASN'T A BIT DISAPPOINTED.

Who that has been to the White Mountains during the last twenty years has forgotten Peter Himes, formerly "leading whip" on the Meredith route, but lately baggage-agent at Centre Harbor? One day last summer Peter took his gun—a double-barreled piece of great repute—and went away into the deep forest at the foot of Red Hill, on a hunting expedition. The directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad were coming up on the following day on a sort of annual dinner-party, "biz," and Peter wished to get a few nice partridges for his old friend Walker.

Evening came, and Peter returned, entering the large hall of the hotel just as the numerous guests were coming out from supper.

"Ah, Peter, what d'ye shoot?"

"Don't ask me. You wouldn't believe me if I should tell you. Where's Colonel Dunlap? Jerry Pishua! don't never let him tell about shootin' forty pigeons at one shot again. When?"

"But, Peter, what is it? Tell us." And the eager guests crowded around to hear what wonderful thing he had done.

"Hold on! Just give me time, and I'll tell you. I'm all excitement now."

Mine host had set a dark-colored bottle upon the board, from which Peter poured the liquor into a tumbler. Sugar he didn't affect, and water he believed had already been supplied *quant. suff.*, so he drank the beverage, and then he turned to the waiting assembly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I only tell you the solemn truth, and you can believe me or not as you please. I went to the woods, tramped over the best partridge ground, climbed half way up Red Hill, and poked around until well nigh sundown, without seeing the blessed thing worth shooting. Finally I started for home with an empty game-bag. I'd got down to the old lodging by the brook, and as I was turning down by the bank I happened to cast my eyes upon a little clump of white maples that just grew over the brook. You know where they are? Well, the fancy struck me that I'd fire into that thickets. I didn't really think there was anything there, but I wanted to empty my gun, and I thought I might as well make a shot as not. So I set both hammers, and took aim right straight at the middle of the clump, where the leaves were the thickest. If anybody had told me there was game in there for me, I wouldn't have believed 'em. I didn't expect it. But I let drive—fired both barrels at once—and I heard the shot crash through the thickly patched boughs. Over the brook I jumped, and went to the maples. Goodness gracious! You won't believe me?"

"Yes, we will. What was it?" And the excited, eager multitude pressed nearer. "What did you shoot, Peter? What did you find?"

"Just as I had expected," replied Peter, edging toward the door. "I didn't believe there was anything there, and—there wasn't!"

The Royal Pull at the Bell.

THERE is a story told of an anonymous king, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority.

The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in counsel as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, "he could."

"I will be brief as my breath," answered the abdicating monarch, "and that is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in palfruis, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead.

The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell; a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied.

"I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears."

For a whole month the bell was silent.

"I have had my hand on the rope," said the king, "fifty times, but I felt I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and to-morrow—"

On the morrow, as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private dispatches to a neighboring potentate,



SCENE IN THE INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK, OPENED OCTOBER 6TH, 1869.—SEE PAGE 131.



UNION PARK UNITARIAN CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS., REV. E. E. HALL, PASTOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIFFLE.—SEE PAGE 131.

hair? I have wide dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window; "nay, I am!" and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the point of ringing at it with good will, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause. A messenger was at his feet.

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fire, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!"

"Now, a curse upon kingship, that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!" cried the king, who wanted to be happy.

The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people.

"By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany," cried the prince, "thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe, and who commands them?"

The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his dispatches been betrayed to the invader;

and that the van of the army was under the command of a prince, whose name was no sooner uttered to the king than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed:

"He! Then I shall ring the bell yet! I will have his life, and the lady—"

He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile vanguard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, weariness upon his brow, but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew gray and infirm, never turning from his work till the Inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away. He was sitting upright in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without, a sound of wailing.

"What voices are those?" asked he, softly; "what is there yet for me to do?"



REV. EDWARD E. HALL.—SEE PAGE 131.

from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return.

The king sighed: "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow."

In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart.

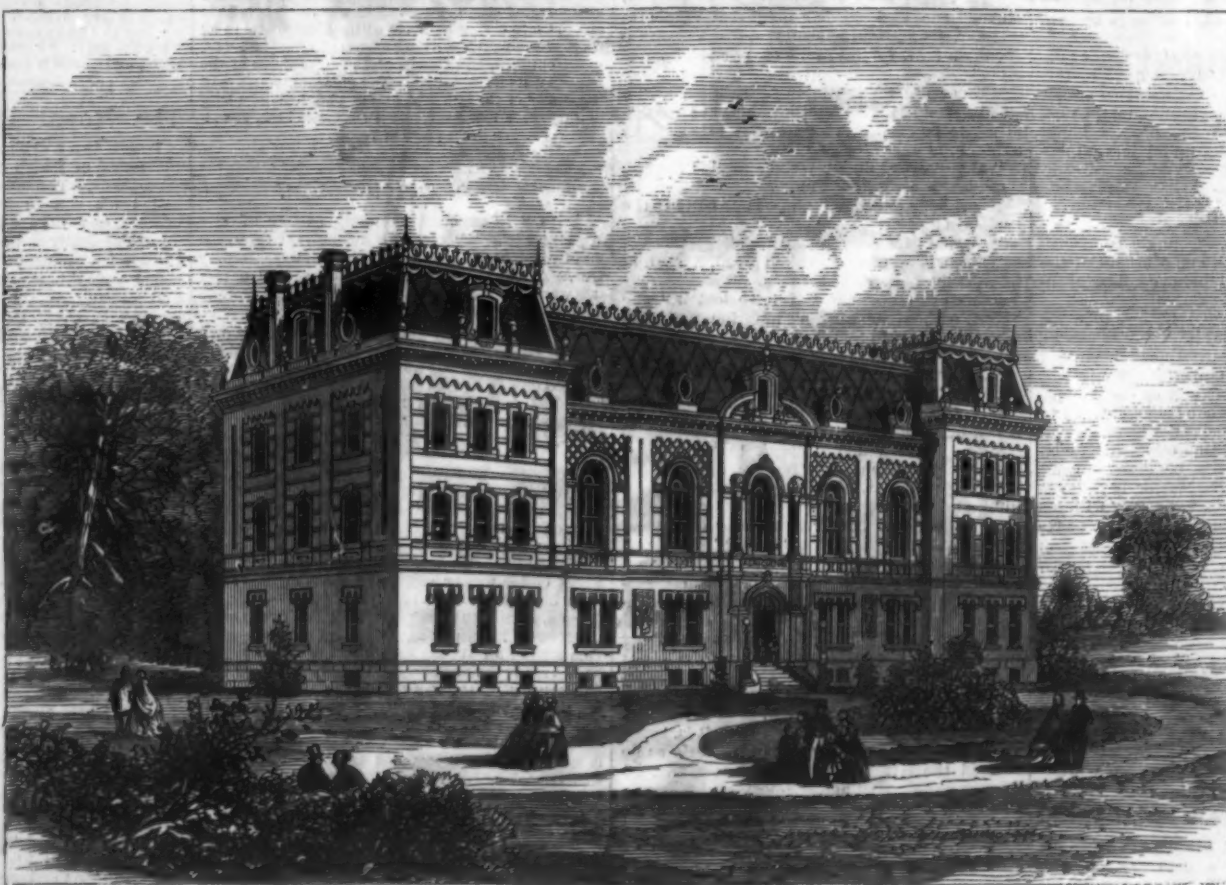
"There," he remarked to himself, as he went along in that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which, in England, has taken its name from the first two syllables of that city's name—"there I have never found disappointment."

What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between him and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he swung it down again:

"Would to heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case.

"I have been unreasonable," he said; "why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden



THE NEW AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 131.

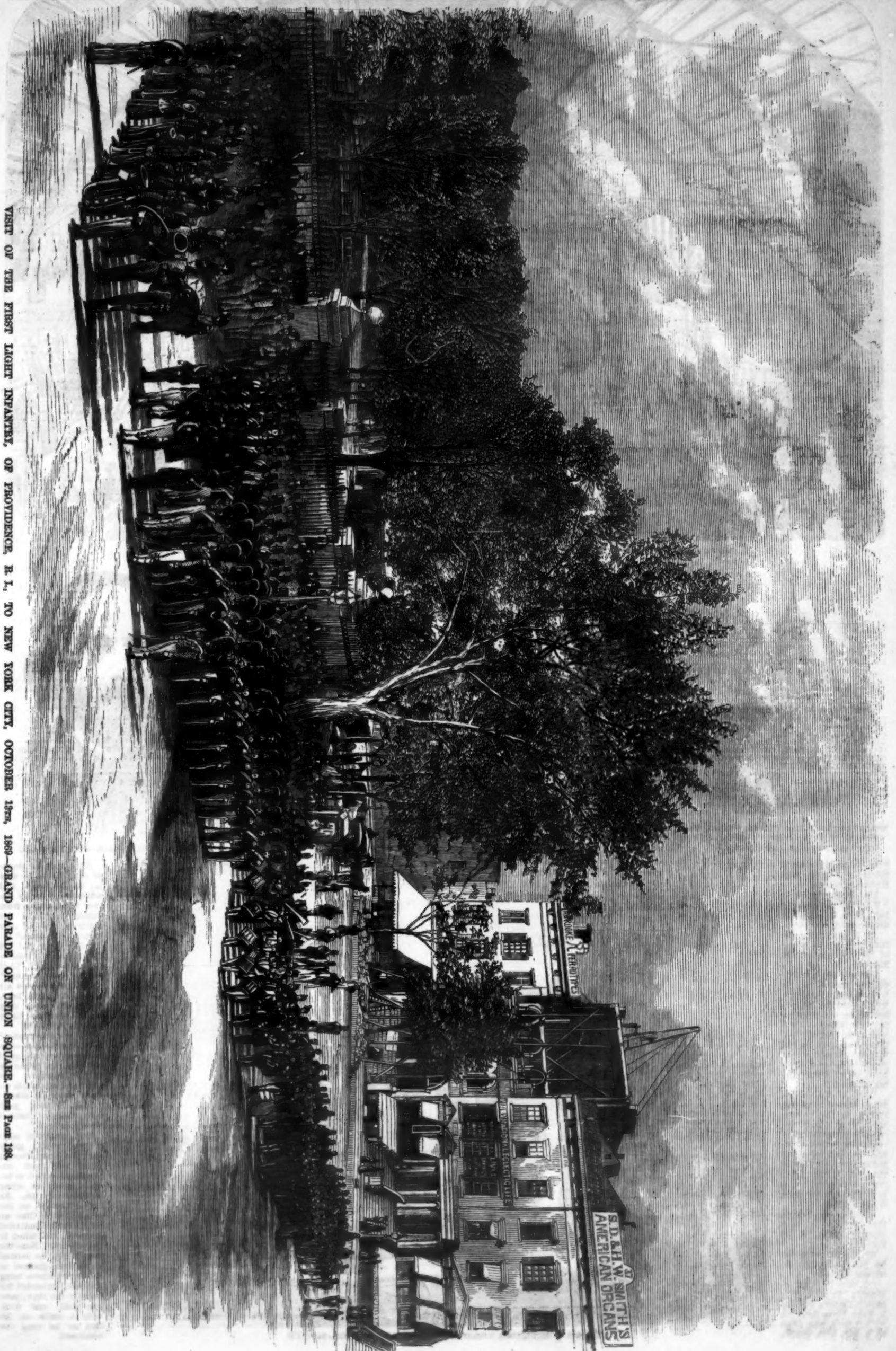
His chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on the couch, and whispered: "Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold in tears."

"Let them in! let them come in!" hoarsely cried the king. "God! do they really love me?"

"If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy sire, they would purchase thine with their blood!"

The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old king, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands toward them, and asked: "Have I won your love, children? have I won your love?"

One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow upon the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died, with a smile on his lips, as he rung his own knell.



VISIT OF THE FIRST LIGHT INFANTRY, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I., TO NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 13TH, 1869—GRAND PARADE ON UNION SQUARE.—See Page 188.

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| 140. Strangers Yet. | Claribel. | 65. Boston Belles. | Raymond. |
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| 137. How, Brothers, Row. Duet and Chorus. | Saer. | 62. The Foreign Count. | Lloyd. |
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| 135. The Bluebird Polka. | Rogers. | 60. Meet me in the lane, Love. | Blamphin. |
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| 133. Sunset Gallop. | Wild. | 58. The Smile of Memory. | Waverly. |
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| 131. Heaven and Thee. | Guglielmo. | 56. Bootblack's Song. | Waverly. |
| 130. The Emma Mazurka. | Rogers. | 55. Lady Mine. | Waverly. |
| 129. The March of the Silver Trumpets. | Viviani. | 54. Five o'clock in the Morning. | Claribel. |
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| 126. Old Simon the Cellarer. | Histon. | 51. Why Wandering Here? | Nathan. |
| 125. The Fairy's Frolic. | Sedgwick. | 50. Call me thine own. | L'Eclair. |
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| 123. The Heart Bowed Down. | Balfie. | 48. Woodside Waltz and Polka. | Balfie. |
| 122. The Love Light's in Your Eyes. | Sedgwick. | 47. Home, Sweet Home. Inst'l. | Richards. |
| 121. Waverly Polka. | Sedgwick. | 46. Perichole's Letter. Inst'l. | Offenbach. |
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| 113. Only a Lock of Hair. | Rogers. | 38. Power of Love. Inst'l. | Wade. |
| 112. Mary Emma Polka. | Balfie. | 37. Susan's Story. | Claribel. |
| 111. O Take Me to Thy Heart Again. | Peabody. | 36. I will not ask to press that Check. | V. Gabriel. |
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| 109. Dancing Shadow. | Raymond. | 34. The Life Boat. | Claribel. |
| 108. Tommy Dodd. | Flowers. | 33. Light of the World. (Sacred Song.) | Hatton. |
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| 105. This World is Full of Beauty. | Hime. | 30. Olympic Schottische. | Dobson. |
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| 103. The White-blossomed Tree. | Clippindale. | 28. The charm in Spring. | Hulsh. |
| 102. Smiles and Tears. | Carrington. | 27. See the Conquering Hero. Inst'l. | Claribel. |
| 101. I Have a Rose. | Waverly. | 26. Take back the Heart. | Claribel. |
| 100. Go it While You're Young. | Offenbach. | 25. The Passing Bell. (Sacred Song.) | Dobson. |
| 99. Guadalupe Waltz. | Lover. | 24. Still I'll Love Thee. | Andrews. |
| 98. Molly Bawn. | Norton. | 23. Waltzing down at Long Branch. | Andrews. |
| 97. Juanita. | Lover. | 22. Riding down Broadway. | Millard. |
| 96. I'm not Myself at All. | Bard. | 21. She might not suit your fancy. | Strauss. |
| 95. Beautiful Hope. | Glover. | 20. Arm-in-Arm. Polka Mazurka. | Benedict. |
| 94. The Cavalier. | Rogers. | 19. The Rose of Erin. | Claribel. |
| 93. Continental Schottische. | Knight. | 18. Silver Chimes. | Forbes. |
| 92. Of what is the Old Man thinking? | Lover. | 17. The Old Cottage Clock. | Claribel. |
| 91. Sally, Sally. | B. Hart. | 16. His Love Shines over all. | Hatton. |
| 90. Ka-fozzle-um. | Histon. | 15. Maggie's Secret. | Graff. |
| 89. Nothing else to do. | Rogers. | 14. Little Maggie May. | Wiener. |
| 88. Crescent City March. | Hobson. | 13. The Danish Boy's Whistle. | Wiener. |
| 87. Paddle Your Own Canoe. | Wallace. | 12. Come hither my baby, my darling. | Wiener. |
| 86. Scenes that are Brightest. | Adams. | 11. Genevieve Waltz. | Lee. |
| 85. Castles in the Air. | Hunt. | 10. Skating Rink Polka. | Schubert. |
| 84. The Bell goes a ringing for Sarah. | Glover. | 9. Fraise de Tears. | Hatton. |
| 83. Kitty Tyrrell. | Copeland. | 8. Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by. | Lloyd. |
| 82. School for jolly Dogs. | Raymond. | 7. I Really Don't Think I Shall Marry. | Molloy. |
| 81. Willie went a wooing. | Scotch. | 6. Not for Joseph. | Claribel. |
| 80. Maggie Morgan. | Williams. | 5. Blue Eyes. | Claribel. |
| 79. Larboard Watch. Duet. | Glover. | 4. We'd better bide a wee. | MacLagan. |
| 78. The Bashful Young Lady. | Stewart. | 3. Won't you tell me why, Robin? | |
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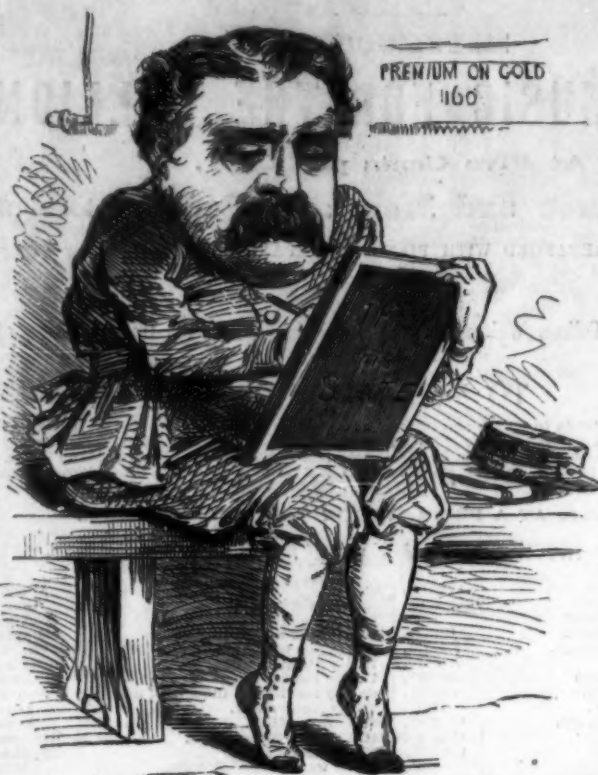
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